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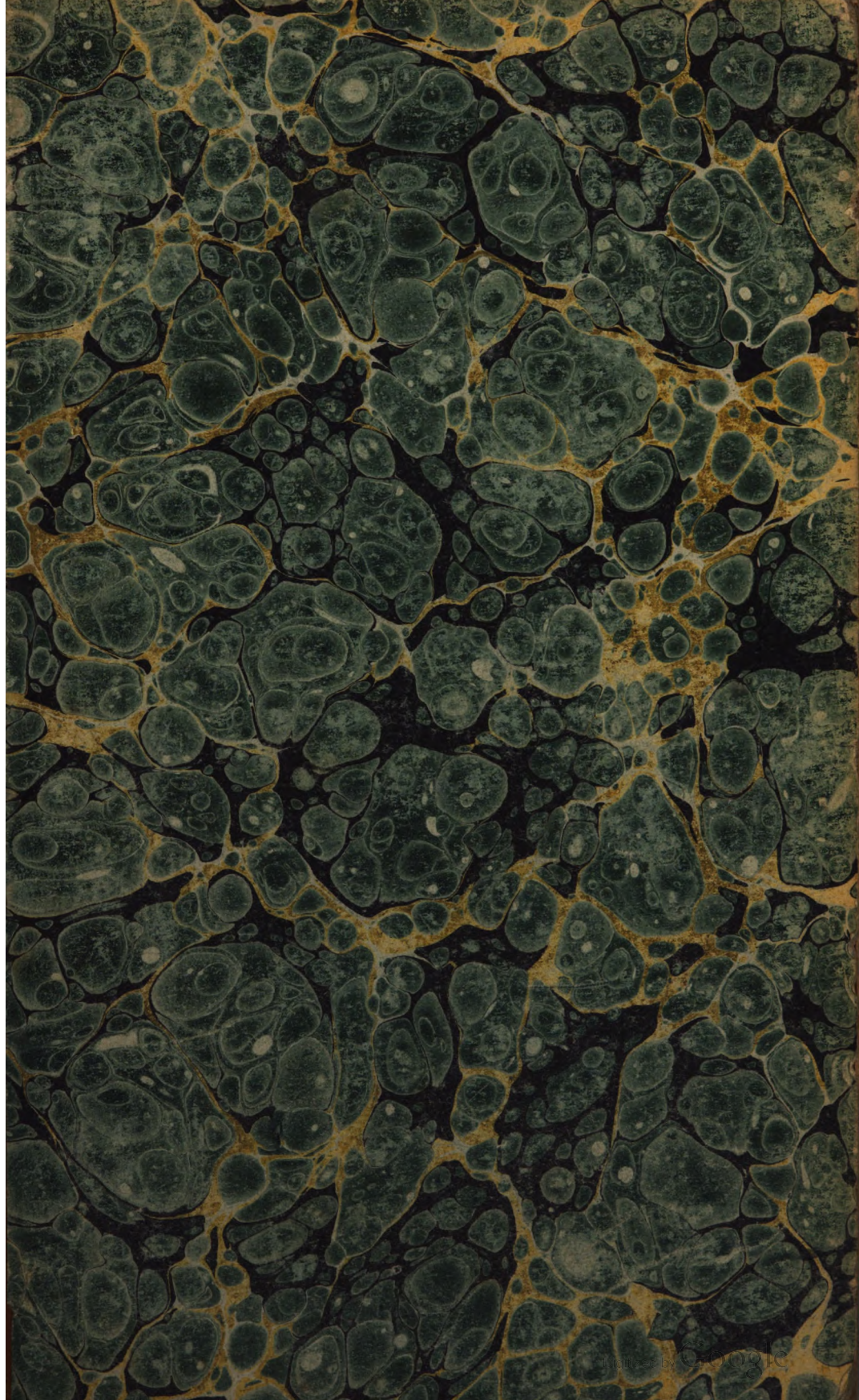
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JESUITS AND JESUITISM.

BY

M. J. MICHELET,

AUTHOR OF THE "HISTORY OF FRANCE," &c.

AND BY

M. E. QUINET,

AUTHOR OF "ULTRA-MONTANISM," &c.

TRANSLATED BY

G. H. SMITH, F.G.S.



LONDON:

WHITTAKER AND CO., AVE MARIA LANE.

1846.

PREFATORY NOTICE OF THE FRENCH PUBLISHER.

THE popularity attained by the present work is almost without precedent. It passed through seven editions in the course of eight months ; and has been translated in almost every country in Europe.

Peculiar circumstances precipitated its publication.

Its authors, M. Michelet and M. Quinet, both professors in the *Collège de France*, and who are doubly united by the ties of friendship and by conformity of opinions, had begun a course of lectures in the spring of 1843, on the spirit and influence of the Religious Orders. They had concluded a course on the Order of Knights Templars, and had commenced one on the Society of Jesus, in which they proceeded to treat of its constitution, its origin, of the part it has played in the past and that it is still playing in the world, when they were subjected to a system of violent interruption and illiberal opposition in the view of compelling them to silence, over which their firmness obtained a complete triumph. They felt their right to speak as their conscience dictated, and spoke accordingly.

The present volume is the substance of the lectures, which have excited so fierce a polemical contest.

It is not published offensively, but defensively ; and if it has had the happy fortune to be welcomed by men of nearly all parties, the secret of its success has been that the cause of public morality and good faith was at stake.

Certain members of the clergy have, unhappily, sought to identify the cause of the Church with that of Jesuitism, amongst others, the archbishop of Paris ; and the question has been revived by the passing of the bill relative to Public Instruction. The most aspiring doctrines have been promulgated under the mask of liberty ; but the sound tenets advanced by MM. Michelet and Quinet, supported as they have been by the most eminent members of the Chamber of Deputies, by the most distinguished professors of the Sorbonne, and by the most influential members of the bench and of the bar, must, beyond a doubt, ultimately triumph.

In the short space of two years, upwards of two hundred volumes have appeared, attacking or defending the present work. To MM. Michelet and Quinet belongs the honour of having been the first to unveil the new pretensions of the Jesuits, and the base hopes of this ever insatiable order. This work of theirs has been the subject-matter of the important discussions which have alike agitated our senate and our universities ; and has been followed up by the publication of M. Quinet's work on "*Ultra-montanism*," and of M. Michelet's celebrated "*Priests, Women, and Families*."

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JESUITS AND JESUITISM*.

MONS. MICHELET'S LECTURES.

INTRODUCTION.

WHAT the future has in store for us, God only knows! . . . My sole prayer is, that if He think fit again to visit us, it will be with the sword. . . .

The wounds inflicted by the sword are clean, frank wounds; they bleed and heal. But what is to be done with those disgraceful wounds one feels loth to disclose, which grow inveterate, and are constantly spreading?

Of wounds of this kind, the one most to be feared is the introduction of the spirit of police into religious matters—the spirit of pious intrigue, of saintly approvership, the spirit of the Jesuits.

May God be pleased to lay upon us ten times the amount of political tyranny, of military tyranny, of all the tyrannies, in short, we have ever suffered, rather than this France of ours be ever defiled by a clerical police! . . . There is, indeed, this good in tyranny, that it will often awaken the dormant national feeling; and then it either crushes or is crushed. But this feeling extinct, and gangrene once established in your flesh and your bones, how be rid of it?

Tyranny is satisfied with the outward man, with the control of his acts. A clerical police would attach his very thoughts.

And, by the gradual change such a police would effect in the habits of thought, the soul, vitiated in her essential properties, would at length degenerate into another nature.

A lying, flattering soul, a crouching, sorry soul, which despises itself—can we call such a thing a soul?

Change worse than death itself. . . . Death kills the body only; but the soul gone, what remains?

When death ends you, you survive in your sons.

* The authors of these lectures were led by circumstances, and without the slightest knowledge of each other's intention, to treat of the same subject. When they found this to be the case, they made a division of the principal branches into which it naturally distributed itself, and the result of this friendly partnership is the present volume. As their respective lectures are parts of one whole, as they are the complement of each other and dictated by the same spirit, it seems desirable to unite them under the same title; and, besides, this union of their hearts and thoughts is too precious to the writers to have allowed them to forbear from attempting to give it a durable record.

But when this spiritual death overtakes you, children and future are alike lost.

Jesuitism, the spirit of police and of approvership, the mean baseness of the spy pupil, once transferred from school, college, and convent into the community at large—how hideous the spectacle! . . . A whole nation living like a Jesuit seminary; that is to say, the whole community acting the spy upon one another—treachery at your very fireside, the wife the spy on the husband, the child on the mother . . . no other sound heard than a sad murmur and rustling of human beings confessing the sins of others, and absorbed in mutual harassings and backbitings.

This is no mere sketch of the fancy. I have before my eyes a whole people whom the Jesuits are daily plunging a step lower in this hell of everlasting corruption.

"But do you not betray France by pretending to think that she fears such a danger? Can you possibly conceive that a poor thousand of Jesuits, —for they number no more *." . . .

In twelve years' time only, those thousand men have worked a miracle. Struck down in 1830, crushed and prostrate, they have recovered their ground beyond all expectation. Not only have they recovered it; but whilst men were asking one another, "Are there any Jesuits now?" they have taken away from us, and that easily, our thirty or forty thousand priests, have converted them into their own followers, and are leading them God knows whither!

"Are there any Jesuits now?" Many a man asks this question, whose wife is already theirs, through a confessor in their interests—wife, house,

* According to an apparently accurate estimate there are at this moment (1843) upwards of nine hundred and sixty Jesuits in France. At the epoch of the Three Days, there were only four hundred and twenty-three, and they were then concentrated in a few houses, whilst they are now scattered over every diocese. They are busied in every direction. Three have just gone to Algiers; several to Russia; and they have got Mexico and New Grenada to petition the pope to send thither some members of the society of Jesuits. Masters of the Valais, they have just contrived to get possession of Lucerne as well, and of the smaller cantons, &c.

table, fireside, bed . . . and, in a trice, his child will be theirs *.

And where, then, are the clergy of France ?

Where are all those parties which were the life of our Gallican church at the Restoration ? Extinct, dead, annihilated.

What has become of the small Jansenist party, small, but full of energy ? I look around, and see only the grave of Lanjuinais.

Where is M. de Montlosier ? Where are our loyal Gallicans who desired a cordial agreement between church and state ? They have disappeared. They have most likely thought it needful to desert the state, which was deserting them. Who would dare now-a-days in France to call himself Gallican, or protest in the name of the church of France ?

The timid Sulpician opposition (hardly Gallican, however, and which held the Four Articles but cheap) died with M. Frayssinous.

St. Sulpice has confined herself to education for the priesthood, and to her scholastic duties, leaving the world to the Jesuits. Indeed, this seminary seems to have been created for their special delight. So long as the priest is brought up there, they have nothing to fear. What can they desire more than a school which neither teaches nor will suffer to be taught ? † The Jesuits and St. Sulpice are on most excellent terms ; the compact has been silently struck between death and the void.

One can know little more of what is done in these seminaries, hedged in as they are against interference from the authorities, than from the nothingness of their results. Their text-books, indeed, are patent ; superannuated works, considered by all the rest of the world as rubbish, and which are still forced down our unhappy young priests ‡. How can one be surprised, then, at their quitting the seminary as ignorant of science and letters as of the world ! The first step they take in it, they feel that they are utterly without the helps they need, and the most prudent keep their mouths shut. Whenever an opportunity offers, the Jesuit or the Jesuit's missionary presents himself, and mounts the pulpit ; the priest keeps in the background.

And yet he is neither deficient in natural talent

* Once for all, I beg it to be understood, notwithstanding the reiterated charges of the Jesuits, charges which they know to be false, that the question of liberty of instruction, and of what they call the university monopoly, is altogether foreign from the present subject, and that not a word relative to it will be found in this volume. I have some very dear friends in the university ; but, since 1838, I have ceased to belong to it.

† The archbishop of Paris has solicited the teachers of St. Sulpice, but without effect, to allow their pupils to attend the course of lectures given by the faculty of theology.

‡ To the great danger of their morality. My wonder is that these young priests, trained in such a casuistical fashion, preserve any decent and upright feelings. "But don't you see," said a bishop, "that it is a medical work !" . . . Yes, but there are medical works which, under pretence of treating of such or such a disease, now unknown (or even imaginary and physically impossible), defile both patient and physician. The cynical assurance with which all this is defended, shows the necessity of throwing open these seminaries, now hermetically closed, and where no one knows what goes on, to public supervision. Nay, some convents have been absolutely converted into houses of correction.

nor in heart. . . . The fault is not theirs. All is against them.

Of this they are but too conscious ; and the very consciousness contributes to depress and sink them below themselves. Disliked by the world, ill-treated by his own order, the parish priest (look at him walking in the street) creeps sadly along, with a more than modest, with a timid air, and ever giving the wall !

But would you see a man ? Look at that Jesuit. A man, do I say ? many men in one ! His voice is low, but his step firm. His very gait says, without his putting it in words, "I am legion." Courage is easy for him who feels a whole army at his back ; who knows that he can turn for support to the great body of Jesuits, and to a whole world of titled folk and of beauteous ladies, who, if need be, will move heaven and earth for him.

He has taken a vow of obedience—to reign, to be pope with the pope, to have his share in the grand kingdom of the Jesuits, diffused over all kingdoms, and whose interests he follows up by a close and active correspondence, from Belgium into Italy, and from Bavaria into Savoy. The Jesuit's home is Europe. Yesterday at Fribourg, he will be to-morrow at Paris. The priest's home is his parish, and the small dark street running along the church wall. He may be but too well compared to the poor sickly gillyflower which he rears on his window-sill.

Let us look at these two men at their work. . . . And, first, let us watch which way that female, who seems engrossed by thought and care, who is just entering the square in front, and who seems altogether undecided, will turn. . . . The left hand will take her to the priest's, the right to the Jesuit seminary.

On the one hand, what will she find ? An honest man ; and, under that stiff, ungainly form, a man of heart, perhaps, who has been labouring his whole life to stifle his passions ; in other words, to acquire complete ignorance of the very matters on which he will be sure to be consulted. The Jesuit, on the contrary, is well prepared on all such subjects ; can adduce precedents ; easily point out the venial and extenuating side ; and can arrange the whole Godward, and, sometimes, *world-ward*.

The priest brings with him the Law and the Decalogue, like a weight of lead. He is slow, full of objections and difficulties. You tell him of your scruples, and his own mind suggests more. You think yourself in a bad state, and he finds you to be in a worse. Here is a dilemma ; but 'tis your own fault. Why do you not go to that Italian chapel, tricked out, and all-alluring as it is ? Though it be dimly lighted, fear not ; go in, and you will soon be reassured and comforted. . . . Your case of conscience is a very simple matter ; you will find a clear-headed man there, who will prove this to you beyond a shadow of doubt. What was it you said about the Law ? The Law may be the rule in the parish church, but here reigns Grace ; here is the *Sacré Cœur* * of Jesus and of Mary. . . . The kind Virgin is so kind †!

* (The "Sacred Heart;" the representation of a heart on a cross, commemorative of the Atonement, which, blessed by the priest, is a common ornament of churches and of private houses in Catholic countries.)—TRANSLATOR.

† The Jesuit is not confessor only, he is *director*, (spiritual director !) and, in this capacity, is consulted on all matters.

There is another grand distinction betwixt these two men. The priest is tied down, in many respects, by his church, by the local authorities; he is *under control*,—a minor, as it were. The priest stands in awe of the rector (*curé*), and the rector of the bishop. The Jesuit stands in awe of no one. All his order asks from him, is the advancement of his order. The bishop has no authority over him. And, indeed, what bishop would, now-a-days, be bold enough to doubt the Jesuit's being himself the rule and the law?

So far from being in the way, the bishop is a great help. He gives the hold on the priests. His staff is stretched out over them; and, managed by a young vicar-general, who aspires to be bishop, that staff becomes a rod of iron. . . .

Beware, then, priest! Woe to thee if thou budgest. . . . Preach seldom; write not at all. Shouldst thou write a line! . . . Suspension, interdiction, would follow, without inquiry or explanation. Have the imprudence to ask to be allowed to explain, and the answer will be, "Tis a question of morals. . . ." As well would it be for the priest to be drowned, a stone round his neck!

It is said that there are no longer any serfs in France. . . . Why, there are forty thousand. . . . I advise them to be silent, to swallow their tears, and to try to smile.

Many would only be too glad to be silent, and to vegetate in a corner. . . . But they are not allowed to escape so. They must speak, and bite; and, from their pulpit, must damn Bossuet.

I have known some compelled to get off by rote and fulminate a sermon against a living author whom they had never read. . . . Set on, as dogs are set on at the astonished passer by, who is all at a loss for the cause. . . .

Wretched, anti-Christian, anti-human position! . . . They who force them into it, laugh. But they whom they attack and believe to be their enemies, can only weep.

Stop at random any one in the street, and ask him, "What are the Jesuits?" He will reply at once, and unhesitatingly, "*The counter-revolution.*"

This is the firm belief of the people, from which they have never varied, and which you cannot change.

If any have been surprised when they heard this term used in the *Collège de France*, the reason may be that we have lost its true sense in our superabundance of intellect.

Ye great intellects, who would blush to attend to the voice of the people, list to that of knowledge—search, study—and, after you have spent ten years in studying the history and writings of the Jesuits, I will take upon me to say that you will attach but one meaning to the whole—*The Death of Liberty*.

In this capacity, too, he by no means conceives himself bound to secrecy; so that twenty directors who live together can bring into one common stock, examine, compare, and combine the thousands of souls which are laid open to them, and through which they look as if transparent, *from one side to the other (de part en part)*. . . . In conclaves of this kind, marriages, wills, and all the affairs of their penitents of both sexes, can be discussed and arranged.

* (That is, the priest will be told that he is suspended, not because he has published, but on account of immoralities which have come to his superior's knowledge.)—TRANSLATOR.

The day that this expression was first uttered, the whole press (a harmony unknown before) welcomed it without a dissentient voice; and, wherever the press reached, it found an echo, down to the humblest ranks of the community.

For answer, they bethought themselves of the strange reply, "We do not exist." . . . They made a boast of their numbers in April; and, in June, would fain hide themselves.

And what is the good of denial! No one will be taken in by words. Call out *Liberty!* as you list; give yourself out as of this or that party; 'tis no matter to us. If your heart be Jesuit, go on; that is the road to Fribourg. If you are frank and above-board, hither; this is France!

Looking at the decay of parties and the approximation, from motives more or less disinterested, now taking place between many men who entertain opposite opinions, it would seem as if there would presently be only two parties left, as there are only two spirits—*The spirit of Life and the spirit of Death*.

This is a far graver and more dangerous situation than any in which the country has stood of late years, notwithstanding immediate shocks are less to be apprehended from it. Though what if the spirit of death, having triumphed over religion, should spread to politics, literature, and art, should seize on all that there is of life in the body politic?

Be it our hope that the progress of the men of death will be stayed. . . . Light has pierced into the sepulchre. . . . We know, and shall soon know better still, how these spectres have walked in the night. . . .

How, whilst we slept, they stole with wolf-like prowls, and surprised the defenceless, surprised priests, and women, and nunneries.

The number of worthy, excellent people, meek brothers, charitable sisters, who have been thus cozened, is beyond all conception. . . . How many convents have opened their doors to them, deceived by their hypocritical whine; where, now, they speak in authoritative tone, and whose inmates, in their fear, smile, whilst they tremble, and do whatever they are ordered.

Show me, if you can, any wealthy charity (*une œuvre riche*) where they do not possess the chief influence, where they do not have everything given as they wish, and to whom they wish. And, as a corollary, every poor corporation (missionary, pious, Lazarists, Benedictines even) have gone to take the word of command from them: so that now the whole forms, as it were, a great army, which the Jesuits are bravely leading on to the conquest of the world.

Astonishing, that in so short a space of time such a body of forces should have been got together! However great our belief in the ability of the Jesuits, that is not enough to account for so great a result. A mysterious hand has plainly been at work. . . . the hand which, skilfully guided, has, from the first day the world ever saw, pliantly worked the miracles of cunning, weak, but resistless—woman's hand. The Jesuits have employed the instrument of which St. Jerome speaks—"Poor little women, all covered with sins!"

We show an apple to a child to entice him to come over to us. Well; our women have been

shown graceful little acts of feminine devotion, holy playthings invented yesterday—a little world of idol worship has been got up for them. . . . How would St. Louis cross and bless himself, could he return and see! He would not stay two days. He would prefer going back to his captivity among the Saracens.

These new fashions were essential to the gaining over of the women. Whoever wishes to catch them must fall in with their little weaknesses, their little manoeuvres, and often, too, with their passion for stratagem. What made the fortune of the Jesuits with some of them, especially at the beginning, was nothing more nor less than the necessity for deceit and mystery—the feigned name, the half-known abode, the clandestine visits, the piquant call on the brain for fresh excuses and pretexts as to where they had been, when they returned home. . . .

A woman who has felt much, and who at last comes to find the world one dreary blank, will gladly welcome a stimulus in the contrast of the most opposite ideas. I remember seeing a picture at Venice, representing on a rich but sombre piece of tapestry a beautiful rose, drooping close to a human skull in which wreathed and sported a spotted snake.

This is the exception. The simple and natural plan, and which is usually successful, is to catch the wild birds by means of tame ones. I allude to the Jesuitesses*, insinuating, gentle, subtle, and fascinating, who, pouring oil and honey as they go, smooth the road for the Jesuits; and who ravish the hearts of women by becoming their sisters, friends, taking any shape they require, especially adopting the maternal one, and so touching that sensitive point, the mother's heart. . . .

For friendship's sake, they will take charge of the daughter; and the mother, who, otherwise, would never have parted with her, freely entrusts her to such gentle hands. . . . And she soon finds herself released from a restraint; for, after all, the dear child was sometimes embarrassingly in the way; especially when the mother, feeling herself daily less young, might be painfully reminded of the fact by seeing blooming by her side the dear, adored, but too dazzling flower.

All this has been done with exquisite tact and promptitude, and with admirable secrecy and discretion. The Jesuits are not far from having in the houses of their sisters the daughters of all the most influential families in the country; a circumstance pregnant with results. . . . Only, they should have learnt the art of waiting. In a few years, these little girls will be women, mothers. . . . Whoever secures the women, will be sure in the long run to have the men.

One generation would have sufficed. Those mothers would have given their sons. The Jesuits have not had patience. Their heads have been

turned with a few triumphs in the pulpit and in the fashionable circles; and they have forgotten those prudent means of approach which were the secret of their success. The skilful miners who worked so well under ground, have taken to working in the face of day. The mole has quitted its subterranean track to affront the sun.

So difficult is it to stand aloof from the bustle of the day, that the very men who had most to fear from making a noise, have themselves begun to raise their voices.

Ha! you are there . . . thanks, endless thanks for having awakened us! . . . But, what do you want?

"We have your daughters, we want your sons; in the name of liberty, give up your children." . . .

Liberty! so dearly did they love her, that in their zeal they wanted to begin by stifling her voice in the higher departments of instruction. . . . A happy presage of what their conduct would be in the more elementary! . . . Early in the year 1842, they commissioned their young saints to disturb the courses of lectures that were being given in the *Collège de France*.

We bore these attacks with patience; but what we could not so easily resign ourselves to was the bold attacks made before our very eyes to corrupt the schools.

Here, they no longer observed precaution or mystery, but worked in the open day, and began tampering in the very streets. Excessive competition and the uneasiness attendant upon it* afforded them an easy game. . . . This or that sudden advent to fortune spoke with trumpet-tongue; miracles of the new Church, powerful to touch the heart. . . . And some, even of the firmest, began to reflect; they saw how silly poverty looked, and hung their heads. . . .

Once shaken, no breathing-time was allowed. The game was played briskly, and more openly every day. The gradual stages heretofore observed were by degrees disused. The neo-catholic probationary stage was rapidly abridged. The Jesuits only asked a day for a complete conversion. Adepts were no longer required to plod through the ancient preliminaries†; but the goal was boldly shown at once. . . . This seemingly imprudent haste admits, however, of explanation. These young folks are not so young as to allow of the risk of waiting. They have one foot on the threshold of manly life, and are either already their own masters or about to become so. There is no time to be lost; the result is close at hand. Gained over to-day, tomorrow they will deliver up the whole community; as physicians can betray the secrets of families, attorneys those of fortunes, and as the bench the rights of justice.

Few have succumbed. . . . Our schools have held out; the national good sense and honour have saved them. We congratulate them therefore. . . . Young men, may you remain true to yourselves, and repulse corruption as you have hitherto done, when religious intrigue called it in as an auxiliary,

* The ladies of the order of the *Sacré-Cœur* are not only directed and governed by the Jesuits, but, since 1823, have had the same rules; and the pecuniary interests of these two branches of the Society of Jesus must be in common up to a certain point, since, when the Jesuits returned after the Revolution of July, they received assistance from the funds of the order of the *Sacré-Cœur*. Loyola's rule, that the Jesuits were to have nothing to do with the direction of female orders, has been expressly revoked.

* The depression of spirits, consequent upon such repeated political disappointments, would have brought about a serious return to religious ideas, had not the speculators in religion been too eager to take advantage of this position of affairs.

† As Christian art, Catholic demagoguery, &c.

and assailed you even on those benches, with the seducing array of worldly temptations.

No danger greater—he who runs blindly after the world and its pleasures, through youthful passion, will come back to himself through disgust and lassitude: . . . but he who coolly, and in order to take the world by surprise, has once made his God a subject of speculation, who has calculated how much God will bring in, has died the death from which no one has ever returned to life.

There was no upright man but felt saddened at seeing capitulations of the kind, and the hope of his country thus compromised. How much more acutely then did they feel this, who live surrounded by these young men, and who consider themselves their parents as well as teachers.

And, among their teachers, he who cannot but have been the most sensitive on the point, if I may be allowed to make so frank a declaration, was myself.

Why? Because I had thrown into my teaching what no man living had ever displayed in a similar degree. I speak not of talent or of eloquence, when, were either in question, the names of friends of mine, my fellow-professors, would start to every lip. I cannot allude to learning, when within the same college is that oracle from whom the East comes to seek her forgotten tongues.

I refer to one only thing, imprudent, perhaps, but of which I never can repent—my unlimited confidence in my youthful pupils, my faith in the unknown friends I am sure to find there. . . It is this imprudence, and nothing else, which has been the life-blood of my teaching, and which renders it more fertile as regards the future than that of others, however superior.

Though installed in this chair, at a somewhat late period, and after having been long before the public, I, nevertheless, went on studying along with you all. Others taught the brilliant results at which they had arrived; I taught my studies themselves, my method and means. I walked in front of all, so that they could follow me, and see both my goal and the humble road along which I had made my way.

We pursued our inquiries in common. I made them my partners, frankly and unreservedly, in the great business of my existence; and we all followed it up with that eager interest which is felt in matters personal to oneself. . . . No vain glorification, nothing for paltry display; 'twas too serious a business. We were inquiring *for life*, as much as for knowledge; *for the remedy of the soul*, to use the expression of the middle age. And this remedy we sought from philosophy, and from history, from the voice of the heart and the voice of the world.

The form, the occasionally poetic form in which these researches were cast, might arrest the weak; but the strong easily detected the critical under the poetic—not that criticism which destroys, but that which produces*, that living criticism which asks from everything the secret of its birth, its creative idea, its cause and its reason of being; the which being discovered, science can re-create the whole. . . This is the height of true science, to be art and creation, to be ever re-creating, to disbe-

* I need hardly say that I allude to the tendency and the method of my teaching rather than to the results obtained.

lieve in death, never to abandon what has once had life, but to reconstruct and replace it in that life which does not pass away.

What is needed for this? Above all, to love; to throw one's heart and life into one's pursuit.

I loved the object of my studies. I loved that past, which I called again to life; and the present too, these companions of my studies, this throng of youth, who, long accustomed to hear me speak, comprehended, divined, and often, indeed, gave me new lights by the rapidity with which they would outstrip my train of reasoning.

I wanted no other society, for long years, than this sympathetic auditory; and, it may surprise many, perhaps, to hear that I sought solace there in those grave moments when men feel the need of seeking a friend. I have gone and seated myself amongst them on the most mournful days of my life.

Great and rare confidence; but still, not blind instinct! It was founded in reason. I had a right to believe that there could not be a single man of sense among my hearers my enemy. The friend of the past and of the present, I felt within myself the two principles, by no means opposites, which divide the world, and I made each lend the other life. Born of the Revolution, of liberty, which is my faith, I have, nevertheless, yearned tenderly over the middle age. The most filial sentiments which were, perhaps, ever uttered of our aged mother Church, have fallen from my lips. . . Compare them with the unfeeling tone of her showy defenders. . . Whence did I draw these living waters? From those springs common to all, where the middle age drank, and where the modern age slakes its thirst—from the springs of free thought.

To give in a few words my notion of the connexion between the two principles:—"History (I laid down this definition in 1830, and I abide by it) is the progressive victory of liberty. This progression must be effected, not by obstruction, but by interpretation. Interpretation supposes the *tradition* which is interpreted, and the *liberty* which interprets. . . . Let others choose between the two; for my own part, I must have both; I want each. . . . How can they be otherwise than dear to me? Tradition is my mother; liberty is myself."

No teaching has been more vivified than my own, by the freedom of Christian thought which constituted the life of the middle age. Wholly busied with causes, and seeking these in the soul only (the soul, divine and human), it was spiritualised in the highest degree, the teaching of the mind.

Hence the wings which bore it up and enabled it to surmount many a rock, against which others had been wrecked.

To instance one subject only—Gothic art.

The first who paid attention to it, and who was not Christian, and who could see nothing Christian in it, the great worshipper of nature (*naturaliste*), Goethe, admired in those endless repetitions of the same forms, a lifeless imitation of nature, "a colossal crystallisation."

One of our own countrymen, a mighty poet, imbued with a less noble perception, but more instinct with life, felt these stones to be living, only he betook himself to the grotesque and

fanciful ; that is to say, in God's house, the first thing he saw was the devil*.

Both looked at the external rather than the internal, at the effect rather than the cause.

I started from the cause, mastered it, and, endowing it with life, marked the result. I did not look at the church as a subject of contemplation, but as a work to be wrought ; I did not take it as it stood built before me, but I rebuilt it. . . . Of what ? Of the very element of which it was first built—of man's blood and heart, of the free movements of the soul which piled up those stones ; and, beneath those masses whose authority bears most imperiously upon us, I pointed out a something more ancient and more living still, which created authority herself, I mean liberty.

This word, liberty, is the great and the true right of the middle age ; and, be it remembered, that to discover and to prove this right of hers, was making her peace with modern times.

I have introduced the same course of research, have brought the same absorbing appreciation of moral causes, of the free genius of the human mind (*du libre génie humain*) into the study of literature, of law, of all the forms of active life. The deeper I dug by study, by erudition, by chronicles and charters, the more I recognized in the depth of things, as their first organic principle—feeling and idea, the heart of man, my heart.

So invincible has this spiritualizing tendency been in me, that I have remained faithful to it in the history of those material epochs which materialized a considerable number of our contemporaries. I allude to the troubled and sensual epochs which terminate the middle age, and form the commencement of modern times.

In the fourteenth century, what is it that I have analyzed, developed, and brought into full relief, at the expense of all the rest ? The grand religious question, that of the Temple.

In the fifteenth, in Charles Vith's time, the grand moral question :—"How, from ignorance to error, from false ideas to bad passions, from drunkenness to phrenzy, man loses his nature as man†." . . . Then, having shown how France was lost by a madman, I show how she was saved by the heroic and holy madness of the Maid of Orleans‡.

The appreciation of moral life, which alone can reveal causes, enabled me in my publications and my lectures, to throw a steady light upon the times of the Revival (*Renaissance*). The vertigo of those times did not turn my head ; their phantasmagoria did not dazzle me ; the fitful but brilliant fairy could not change me as she did so many others, and all in vain did she dance before my eyes her many-coloured iris. . . . Others saw there costumes, blazons, banners, curious weapons,

armorial bearings, coffers, vases. . . . I saw only the soul.

I thus equally steered clear of our picturesque historians, with their vain exhibition of waxen figures, which they cannot put in motion ; and of those restless drama-mongers who, seizing a limb here and a limb there, confound and galvanize the whole to the great alarm of the spectators. . . . All this is external : 'tis death, or pretended life.

What is true historic life ? and how can the sincere man, who compares the world and his heart, find it, and re-create it ? This was the high and difficult question which I laid down for examination in my later courses of lectures* ; and the successive efforts of those to come after me will gradually throw more light upon it.

The fruit of my toil, the reward of a laborious life, would be to have established the true nature of the problem, and so, perhaps, to have prepared the way for its solution. Every one must see the immensity of the speculative and the gravity of the practical results that would follow, both in politics and education.

Never have I been impressed with a more profound religious sentiment of my mission, than during my teaching these two last years ; never have I more thoroughly comprehended the priesthood, the pontificate of history. I bore the whole past as reverentially as I would have borne the ashes of my father or of my son.

'Twas in the midst of this religious labour that insult came to single me out. . . . †

The first attack took place a year since (April 7th, 1842), after an important lecture, in which I maintained, in opposition to the sophists, the moral unity of mankind.

Word was given to assail me, and interrupt my lectures. But the indignation of the public alarmed these valiant men. Hardly organized as yet, they thought it better to wait for the irresistible effect sure to be produced by the libel which the Jesuit D. wrote from the notes of his brothers, and to which M. Desgarets, canon of Lyons, put his name, although disavowing the authorship.

I am not fond of disputation. For a whole year I fell back upon the darling subject of my thoughts, upon my solitary toil, upon my dream of the olden time. . . . My adversaries, who did not sleep, took heart, and believed they could steal behind the dreamer and stab him with impunity.

It happened, however, that the natural order of my lectures led me to them. Occupied previously in explaining and analyzing life, I had to show its opposite, counterfeit life ; with the living organism I had to contrast sterile *machinism*.

And though I might have explained life without exhibiting death, I considered it my duty, as professor of moral philosophy, not to avoid the question which rose in my path.

Our preachers of the day have handled everything ; no question, social, political, historical, literary, medical, has come amiss. One has treated of anatomy, another of Waterloo. Then, as their

* (See p. 275, ch. 9, book iv., on "the Passion, as the Principle of Art in the Middle-age," in Michelet's History of France, published in Whittaker's Popular Library.)—TRANSLATOR.

† Michelet's History of France, vol. ii. p. 3, in Whittaker's Popular Library.

‡ When treating of Charles VI., I am considered a materialist ; when treating of the Pucelle, they consider me a spiritualist. Poor critics, who judge by the nature of the subject, not by the method of treatment, which is the same in both cases.

* And to which I intend to devote a specific work.

† No interruption had been attempted to the lectures of any other professor. The disturbances at the Sorbonne did not take place till a month or two afterwards.

courage grew, they have begun to preach, as in the days of the League, against this or that individual. And the novelty has been relished.

Who cares for individuals! . . . And, as regards social questions, no doubt it has been taken for granted, that in this lethargic time there was no great danger from their being discussed in the pulpit.

Of a certainty, I am not the man to contradict this, and I accept the transfer. The Church busies herself with the world, and teaches us our business. We! we will teach her God!

May God deign to shed his light on knowledge. How has her "ample page" done so long without! . . . Return to us, O Lord, unworthy as we are. . . . Ah! how joyfully should we hail thy presence.

Art thou not our lawful inheritance! As long as knowledge was estranged from thee, could she be termed knowledge! . . . This has been a happy means of her drawing nigh unto thee, and, at the same time, of re-discovering her perfect accord with the good sense of the people, from whom she ought never to have wandered.

June 26th, 1843.

LECTURE THE FIRST*.

MODERN MACHINISM †.—ON MORAL MACHINISM.

IN this first lecture, I laid down an important fact,—namely, that since 1834, whilst there has been an immense increase in material productiveness, intellectual productiveness has seriously diminished.

This fact, which has almost escaped notice amongst ourselves, is well known to our foreign imitators, who complain that we give them hardly anything to imitate.

From 1824 to 1834, they were liberally supplied by France. In this period, she produced those literary monuments of her's which are her glory in the eyes of Europe; not isolated monuments merely, but grand connected works, whole cycles of histories, dramas, romances, &c.

In the ten following years, the press has been equally active, or more so; but the works published have been unimportant. And even works of some extent have made their first appearance in a fragmentary form, cut up into articles and *feuilletons* ‡; ingenious and brilliant, indeed, but still fragmentary, and presenting little continuity of thought, and few of the characteristics of a grand whole.

The greater number of the works published within this period have been reprints, manuscripts, and other historical documents, and cheap illustrated works—a sort of daguerrotypes which reflect in pale images all that is put before them.

The singular rapidity with which all these things are issued, one succeeding the other so as to leave hardly a trace, does not allow us to remark, that of

these thousand passing objects the form is but little varied.

An attentive observer, curious in comparing his recollections, would find that these pretended novelties come round periodically; and he would have little trouble in referring them to a small number of types and formulas which are employed, turn by turn. To these formulas our rapid *improvisatori* are, in their hurry, obliged to have recourse; they form, as it were, a large instrument on which our writers play with a light touch.

The mechanical genius which has enlarged and simplified modern life in material respects, cannot be applied to mental things otherwise than injuriously. I see, in all pursuits, intellectual machines which relieve us from the necessity of study and meditation*; dictionaries which enable us to skim every science, apart from its congeners, and from the corresponding sciences which serve to throw light upon it; encyclopedias, in which every science, labelled in small packets, is so much barren dust; summaries, which give you the result of that which you have not learnt, trick you into fancying yourself master of the subject, and bar the door against knowledge.

Antiquated methods, these, and far inferior to the notion of Raymond Lully. At the close of the middle age, he found the schoolmen exhausting themselves in drawing consequences from established theorems. "If," he said, "the theorem be fully made out, if philosophy, religion, science, be grounded on a firm basis, all that we want is to systematize: from principles to consequences the deductions will follow of themselves. My system shall resemble a tree; you shall trace from the roots to the branches, from the branches to the leaves, proceeding from the general to the species, to the individual, and thence, inversely, you shall trace back to the deep roots of general principles." . . . He wrought out his plan; and with this convenient tree of his, there was no longer any need of exploring; all became easy. . . . Only, the tree was a *withered tree*, and never bore fruit or flowers.

Another, and a bolder attempt at *Machinism*, was essayed in the sixteenth century. The world was

* The objection is to works of this kind in general, and not to specific works of similar form, in which the writers have displayed profound and original genius.

* Delivered April 27th, 1843. These lectures are substantially the notes from which I lectured; and I give them as they were jotted down, or nearly so, day by day. I was obliged to write them in this hurried manner, according to the change of circumstances and the different aspect the question assumed through the interference of the public press, or otherwise, up to the last day of the course.

I may reasonably expect some indulgence for an argument carried on through the pelting of the storm, and which, notwithstanding the modifications rendered hourly necessary by the alternations of the dispute, proceeded straight to the end laid down from the first.

† (A word introduced by M. Michelet, and a very expressive one.)

‡ (The *feuilleton* is that part of a French newspaper devoted to tales, essays, or novels, which are published piecemeal from day to day, or week to week.)—TRANSLATOR.

in arms for religion. A brave man, Ignatius Loyola, looked upon religion itself as a warlike machine, and on morality as capable of mechanical regulation. His celebrated *Exercices* constitute a manual of religious tactics, by which the monastic militia are drilled into certain movements. He sets down material means of producing those impulses of the heart, which had ever been left to unfettered inspiration. In such an hour you pray, then meditate, then weep, &c.

Admirable mechanism, in which man is reduced to a piece of clockwork that can be wound up at will! Only, ask nothing from him more than a machine can produce. The reverse of animated organism, a machine imparts action, but yields no living production; whereas the first not only imparts action, but produces animated and organic nature, resembling itself. The mechanism of the Jesuits has been active and powerful, but has produced no living thing: it has failed to elicit that which, in all communities, is the highest proof of life; it can show no great man. . . . In three hundred years, not one man!

What is the Jesuit's nature? He has none. He is equally ready for all things. He is a machine, a mere instrument to be put in motion, without any individual will.

The machine has its law—fatality; just as liberty is the law of the soul. How then can the Jesuits speak of liberty? What have they to do with her?

Observe the equivocating language they now hold. In the morning, they are for liberty; in the evening, for authority.

In their newspapers, which they distribute among the people, they speak only of liberty, and seek to persuade them that political liberty can exist with religious tyranny. . . . This is hard to believe, and difficult to make those believe who, in order to expel them, but yesterday expelled a dynasty* (*cheers and disapprobation*)—and who, if needs be, will expel ten dynasties.

Many alter their tone in the higher circles, and to the noble ladies whose spiritual directors they are. Here, they become all at once the lovers of the past, the true children of the middle-age.

I, too, I can boldly tell them, am in some sort of the middle-age, for in it I have lived long years, and I distinctly recognise the four words of Christian art which our friends have just taught you. . . but, allow me to look you in the face; if you be truly the children of that day, you will resemble it.

That day was fecund; and, albeit in its humility, it believed itself to be inactive and powerless, still it created. Numberless are the poems, legends, churches, systems which it has produced, as in a dream. . . How does it happen that, if you belong to it, you produce nothing?

The middle-age, which you are ever ready to show to us, as if fixed in idiot immobility, was, for fifteen hundred years, one continuous series of action and of fecund transformation. (*I retrench a long digression into which I entered here.*) The free vegetation peculiar to it, has nothing in common with the dry, hard action of machines†.

* (Alluding to the three days, 1830.)

† The living symbolism of the middle age, which was constantly changing, under an apparently immovable form, resembled in this respect all living things; for instance,

Had it had no other action, it would have produced no living thing, it would have been barren—and as such, you would indeed resemble it.

No; you belong not to the past! No; you belong not to the present!

Do you exist? No; you give no sign of existence. . . You are a pure accident, a simple phenomenon, not a living formation. That which really exists, produces.

If you come, you who are not, who produce nothing, who will produce nothing, to exhort us to be like unto you, to renounce our living energies, to confide ourselves to you, to nothingness; we answer, "The world must not die yet; that death will come, we know: but this is no reason why we should want all to die with us."

If you insist, if you will be accounted something, I will grant that you are an old engine of war*, a fireship of Philip the Second's, part of the invincible Armada. . . Whoso embarks in it will perish; Philip II. and Charles X., and all who shall follow their example.

Offspring of war, you remain faithful to the law of your birth. Your works are disputes, scholastic and polemic arguments, that is, negations. . . We work; you fight; which of these two means is the Christian one?

Soldiers ('tis your name), sheathe your swords. "*Blessed are the peacemakers.*"

Do as we did before you began to trouble us—work in peace. Then only will you learn to understand Christianity and the middle-age, of which you have so little idea.

To whom do I address this advice, which is not that of an enemy? To the Society (of Jesus)? No. Its boast is that it never changes, never improves†! . . . I speak to those unfortunate members of the Society, whom I can now picture to myself as conscious, too late perhaps, of having plunged into the path from which there is no returning, and secretly mourning their espousal of death.

(The latter part of this lecture was reprinted, without my privity, in the *Patrie* of the same

plants, which change so gradually as to tempt one to think there has been no change. It is impossible for any thing to be more opposed to the artificial, planned, premeditated system, which makes enthusiasm a matter of forecast, and reduces faith to a mechanical process.

* Three years after the massacre of St. Bartholomew, Gregory XIII., who had returned thanks to God for that happy event, granted the Jesuits all the privileges which the pope had or ever would grant (*concessis et concedendis*) to any of the clergy, secular or regular. Hence, their pretensions to represent the whole church, in conformity with their ambitious title—The Society of Jesus. They are, in point of fact, a dangerous counterfeit of the church. They boldly plunder all previous rules, and copy St. Benedict, St. Dominic, and St. Francis. Look at the originals, and you will find the borrowed texts bear quite a different sense, political and religious, from that into which they are strained, and have nothing in common with the *police* of the Jesuits . . . producing quite as ridiculous an effect as if in the preamble of a law, passed for the regulation of our civil police, it should be set forth that the law was grounded on such or such axioms of the *Divina Commedia*.

† The well-known saying of the general of the order,—"*Sint ut sunt, aut non sint.*" (Let them be as they are, or not be at all.)

evening, and, on the following day, April 28th, in the *Siecle*. I did not foresee the active part which the press would take in this struggle.

I did not know either, and, strange as it may seem, it is not less true, that my friend, M. Quinet,

having brought down his lectures to the middle of the sixteenth century, was about to treat of the literature of the Jesuits. . . . What may seem more surprising still is the fact, that *I had not read a single line of all that had been written against me.*)

LECTURE THE SECOND*.

REACTIONS OF THE PAST.—REVISITATIONS†: "PERINDE AC CADAVER‡."

He is standing on the defensive, is what one says of me: He is assuming the offensive, says another. I am doing neither. . . . I am teaching.

The professor of history and of moral philosophy has a right to inquire into the gravest question belonging to the domain of philosophy and of history; namely, what are *organism* and *mechanism*, and in what living organism differs from barren mechanism?

A grave question, and especially so at this moment when life seems waxing weaker, when we are becoming more and more barren, when Europe, heretofore fully occupied with imitating France, with counterfeiting or translating France, marvels at seeing our diminishing productiveness.

I have instanced a signal example of mechanism, powerful for action, powerless for production—the order of the Jesuits, which, during three centuries of existence, has been unable to produce one single man, one single work of genius.

The Jesuits, quite as much as the *Templars*, are amenable to the verdict of history. It is both my right and my duty to make you acquainted with the spirit of these great associations. I began with the *Templars*, and am now come to the Jesuits.

Two days ago, they stated in their paper, that I was attacking the clergy. It is exactly the reverse. Exposing the tyrants of the clergy, that is, the Jesuits, is rendering the clergy the greatest possible service, and paving the way for their deliverance. We are in no danger of confounding the victims with the tyrants. Let not the latter hope that they can shelter themselves behind that great body which they are compromising by urging it into violence when it only seeks peace.

As I have observed, the Jesuits are a formidable engine of war, devised in the heat of the struggle of the sixteenth century, and used as a desperate resource, full of danger to those who employ it. . . . There is one spot where this is thoroughly known—Rome; and hence the cardinals have always said, and will ever say, in the conclave, when a Jesuit is proposed for pope, "*Dignus, sed Jesuita §.*" They know that the order, at bottom, worships itself. . . . And so did the *Templars*.

Christianity has only been able to amend the

* Delivered May 4th, 1843.

† M. Michelet's term is "*Revenants*," literally, "*Ghosts, Spirits*."

‡ "Even as a dead body."

§ "A fit person, but a Jesuit." This was said of cardinal Bellarmine.

world, by mixing with the world; and from that moment, it has had to submit to the world's sad necessities, and, saddest of all, to war. Christianity, which is peace, has, at various periods, turned warrior; that is, at these periods, it has become anti-Christian.

The engines of war which have thus, by a strange miracle, been the work of the religion of peace, being in flagrant contradiction with their principle, have, from the first, exhibited a singularly repulsive and lying aspect. And how much more repulsive and lying must they appear, as the progress of time removes us further from the circumstances which occasioned, and the exigences which might have accounted for their invention! Becoming more and more at variance with existing manners and institutions, their origin forgotten, and their repulsiveness only the more apparent, they inspired an instinctive repugnance, and society shrank from them it knew not why.

A similar repugnance is inspired by every phantom which returns from the troubled and violent world of past ages, to visit this modern world of ours. The eldest born of the ooze, who erst had this globe, covered with water and with mist, alone to themselves, and who now knead with their equivocal limbs the tepid slime of the Nile, seem sent forth as a claim from chaos, longing once more to engulf us.*

God, who is beauty, has not created absolute ugliness. Ugliness is an inharmonious passage, an imperfect state of transition.†

There is one ugliness of one kind, another of another; the one seeks to be less ugly, to harmonize, adjust itself, follow a progressive course, follow God. . . . The other seeks to be more ugly, and, in proportion as the world acquires the symmetry of order, pants for ancient chaos.

And so, in history and in art, we sympathize with those foul and repulsive forms which pant to be changed: "*Especto, Domine, donec veniat immuta-*

* The serpent of the antique age presents himself full of beauty, shining, scaled, and winged: "See my beautiful scales and wings; mount my back; let us fly together unto the light!" "What! undertake to fly with that reptile's belly! You, but as you are, take me to the sun! Avaunt, chimerical monsters! avaunt, living liars! Sacred light, come to my aid against the phantoms of chaos and the reign of ancient night!"

† The text is:—"Dieu, qui est la beauté, n'a pas créé de laidéur absolue. La laidéur est un passage inharmonique."

tatio mea *." Look in our cathedrals, at those unhappy, bowed down figures which, bent under the weight of some enormous pillar, strive, nevertheless, to lift the head, the outward sign of the aspirations of the unhappy people of that day; and whom you find to have been in the fifteenth century, foul and grotesquely distorted in feature, but intelligent and thoughtful: athwart their repulsive visage gleams the harmony of modern times.

The odious, incurable foulness, that which shocks the eyes, and still more the heart, is that which convicts the will of stagnation, and of not allowing any amelioration at the hands of the great Artist who is ever amending his own work.

Thus, when Christianity becomes conqueror, the Pagan gods prefer flight. They plunge into the recesses of the woods, live wildly there, and become more and more uncouth, and old wives cabal for them on Macbeth's "blasted heath." This obstinate tendency towards the past, this attempt to go backward, when God leads forward, is regarded by the middle age as the ill of ills, and is called the Devil.

Precisely the same horror is felt of the *Albigensis*, when the latter, who styled themselves Christians, revived the Persian and Manichean duality. It seemed as if Ahirman had returned, in the very face of Christianity, and taken his seat by God.

Less gross, but not less impious, seems to have been the mystery of the *Temple*.

A strange religion this of soldier-monks, who, out of their contempt for priests, seem to have blended the superstitions of the ancient Gnostics and Mussulmans, desiring no more of God than the Holy Ghost, whom they enclose in the penetralia of the Temple, and keep to themselves. "The order itself, it would seem, became their God. They worshipped the Temple, and the Templars, their chiefs, as living temples; and they symbolized by the filthiest and most disgusting ceremonies their blind devotion and complete abandonment of will. The order closing itself in on this wise sunk into a fierce worship of itself, into a Satanic egotism. The most eminently diabolical feature of the devil, is his worshipping himself†."

Thus, this engine of war, which the Church had invented for the service of the Crusades, was so well handled by her, that when she thought she was thorough mistress of it, she found its point at her own breast! Still, her danger was the less, inasmuch as this bastard creation of the monk-soldier had little vitality out of the Crusades, that is, independently of the cause which called it into being.

The contest waged in the sixteenth century, called a much more dangerous soldiery into existence. At the crisis when Rome was attacked in Rome itself, by the writings of Luther and the arms of Frundsberg, there comes from Spain a valiant soldier who vows himself to her service, an enthusiastic and a politic-minded man. The sword, thus held out to her in her hour of danger, she

clutches so eagerly and so confidently, that she casts away the sheath. She invests the general of the Jesuits with full power, precluding herself from ever allowing them, even at their own instance, privileges contrary to their original foundation. (*Nullius momenti habenda sunt, etiamsi à Sede Apostolica sint concessa* *.) The pope is to introduce no change. The general, in conjunction with the assembly of the order, will change whatever he sees proper, according to fitness of place and time.

What constituted the strength and legitimate influence, the order, as soon as instituted, was that it maintained, in opposition to the Protestants who exaggerated the divine control, the freedom of man's will.

And what use does he proceed to make of this freedom? He submits it to the Jesuits; he employs it to obey; and whatever he is commanded, he will believe to be just†. In the hands of his superiors, he will be like a staff in the hands of an old man, who does what he likes with it, and will suffer himself to be pushed this way or that as *unresistingly as a corpse*:—*Perinde ac cadaver*.

To prop up this doctrine of obedience and of tyranny, the *spy-system* is authorized by the founder of the order himself.

His successors draw up the great moral scholastic or *casuistry*, which provides for all things a *distinguo*, a *nisi*. . . ‡. The chief power of their society was derived from this art of juggling with morality, which constituted the all-powerful attraction of their confessional. Their preaching was severe; their spiritual direction indulgent. Strange bargains were struck between the alarmed consciences of the great of this world, and the all-politic direction of the society.

The most efficacious means of conversion, which the Jesuits have the honour of devising and of putting in practice, was *kidnapping the children*, in order to force the parents to turn convertites. New and most ingenious means, which had escaped the researches of Nero and of Diocletian!

One fact will serve. About 1650, a lady of high rank in Piedmont, a worldly liver and the prey of her passions, found her end approaching. Her confessors were Jesuits, and yet they gave her but little comfort. At this awful moment, she bethought herself of her husband, from whom she had been long estranged, and sent for him. "I have been a great sinner," she said, "and, perchance, towards you. I have much to expiate, and believe my soul to be in danger. Aid me, and swear that you will employ all means, even fire and sword, to convert the Vaudois." The husband, a brave soldier, swore to fulfil her wishes, and spared no military recourse to accomplish them; but without success. The Jesuits, more crafty, bethought themselves of seizing upon the children, feeling sure that the mothers would follow. . . §

The same means, and by the same hands, was

* "Such privileges to be of no weight, albeit granted by the holy see."

† "Obedientia, tum in executione, tum in voluntate, tum in intellectu, sit in nobis semper ex omni parte perfecta . . . omnia justa esse nobis persuadendo." Constit. p. 123, in 12mo, Romæ, in Collegio Societatis, 1583.

‡ "I take a distinction"—"I observe an exception."

§ The edict of Turin, passed in 1655, proves the horrible, fact by the very amelioration it introduces:—"Prohibition against seizing boys under twelve years of age, girls under ten."

* "I wait, O Lord, my expected change."

† See the statue of Jean Bureau's daughter, at Versailles. (For some account of Jean Bureau, see Michelet's History of France, vol. II. p. 165, in Whittaker's "Popular Library.")

‡ Michelet's History of France, vol. I. p. 316, in Whittaker's "Popular Library."

had large recourse to on the revocation of the edict of Nantes. Louis XIV. felt repugnant to it ; but Madame de Maintenon, who had "no little ones," persuaded him that no happier or more efficacious expedient could be devised. . . . The cries of the mothers have mounted to the skies !

It is nothing surprising, therefore, that we, too, should feel a repugnance to entrusting our children into the hands of those who first counselled this abduction of children. The mechanical education imparted by the Jesuits, may cultivate the intellect, perhaps, but it crushes the soul. One may know much, and none the less be without a living soul:—*Perinde ac cadaver*.

There is one thing, besides, which ought to inspire distrust. Who can say what the Jesuits now are, and what they are doing ! . . . Their existence is more mysterious than ever.

We are justified in saying to them, It is no fair match between you and us. We publish our every thought, and live in the open day. Who is there to hinder you from saying *Yes* in the morning, and in the evening *No* ?

All know what we are doing, and see us at work, whether for good or ill. Here we come day by day, bearing with us our whole life, our very heart, for our enemies to feed upon.

And for long years (simple as we stand here, and hard-working) have we nourished them with our substance. We may say to them, as the wounded man to the vulture in the Greek poem, "Eat, bird, 'tis the flesh of a brave man ; thy beak will grow a cubit longer."

See yourselves, now ; what is it on which you live, wretchedly poor as you are !

The very tongue in your mouth, with which your advocates attack J. J. Rousseau, is, to the best of their ability, Rousseau's tongue. . . . It is rhetoric and reasoning, but with little power of observing facts.

Who, twenty years back, revived Christian spirituality—you ? Dare you say it was you ?

Who excited in the public mind a fervour for the middle-age—you ? Dare you say it was you ?

We have lauded the past, have lauded St. Louis, St. Thomas, even Ignatius Loyola. . . . And you have stepped forward and said, I am Loyola. No ; you are not Loyola. A man of genius could not use the same means at the present day which he employed centuries back. . . .

This very church in which you preach has stood for ages, and you saw it not. We have been obliged to show it to you, to help you to discover the towers of Notre-Dame ; and then you have slipped into it whether Notre-Dame liked or not, have turned it into an arsenal, and mounted your batteries on the towers of this house of peace. . . .

Well ! let this same house judge betwixt you and

us, which of the two are the true successors of the men who built it !

You say that all is complete ; you want no addition. You think the towers high enough—and so they are, to erect your engines upon.

We, on the contrary, say that we must be ever building, adding work to work, and these, living works ; that as God is ever creating, we ought to imitate him as we best may, and to create likewise.

You would have all stop, and we have kept going on. Despite you, we, in the seventeenth century, discovered heaven (as we did the earth in the fifteenth), and you have been indignant therefore ; yet have you been compelled to acknowledge the immense addition to religion.—Was Christianity itself realized antecedently to the law of nations which introduced peace even into war, and antecedently to civil equality?—Who has opened up these grand highways ! these modern times which you accuse ! And civil equality, which you begin to know by name so as to employ it against us, is another addition to the grand edifice we are rearing, which we claim as ours. . . . We are masons, workmen. Suffer us to go on building, to go on prosecuting from age to age the work common to all, and, without ever growing weary, to go on raising higher and higher the everlasting Church of God * !

[This lecture was interrupted by various marks of insolent disapprobation, which were so offensive to the rest of the auditory, that the offending individuals were hooted as soon as they got into the street.

The following Wednesday, M. Quinet lectured, and established on undeniable grounds the rights and freedom of the professorial chair. The papers declared one after the other for us (the *National* and *Constitutionnel*, on May 5th ; the *Débats*, on the 13th ; the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, on the 15th ; the *Courrier*, on the 17th ; the *Revue Indépendante*, on the 25th). The *Siècle* reported both M. Quinet's lectures and mine.

A new review (*Journal de la Liberté Religieuse*, edited by M. Goubault), the first number of which appeared on May 15th, gave extracts from them ; and large extracts were also published in various provincial and also foreign papers, as the *Journal de Rouen*, *Echo de Vézère*, *Courrier de Lyon*, *Espérance*, *Helvétie*, *Courrier Suisse*, &c.

On Thursday, May 11th, it being my turn to lecture, many of my colleagues and of the most illustrious of my friends, foreigners as well as French, were pleased to protest, as it were, by their presence, against these unworthy attacks, and to honour me by surrounding my chair.]

* (Many of the allusions and turns of thought in this lecture will only be understood by those who are acquainted with M. Michelet's *History of France*, and with his peculiar views and phraseology as an historian.—TRANSLATOR.)

LECTURE THE THIRD*.

EDUCATION, DIVINE AND HUMAN.—THE EDUCATION WHICH IS CONTRARY TO NATURE.

FAR advanced in life as I am, and devoted to solitary and laborious studies, I experience, on glancing back at the past, a most sweet and soothing compensation for all that I may have missed.

And this is, that it has been granted to me, as much as to any man of this age, to envisage in history a mystery which is truly divine.

I speak not of the spectacle of those great dramatic crises which seem God's strokes of state-policy (*les coups d'état de Dieu*). . . . I speak of the gentle, patient, often almost imperceptible action, by which Providence prepares, awakens, and develops life, tends, nurses, and gradually strengthens it. (*Clamour, interruption.*)

I call upon my illustrious friends, historians, either of humanity or of nature, whom I see present, to declare whether they have not considered the contemplation of what may be called the maternity of Providence, the highest recompense of their toils, their best consolation in the vicissitudes of life!

God is a mother. . . . This is plain to all who can see the tender care with which He brings the vastest powers within reach of the feeblest beings. . . . For whom or what this stupendous fabric, this concourse of elements, these waters exhaled from distant seas, this light which travels thirty millions of leagues? What is this favourite of God's whom nature hastes to serve, and for whom she moderates her energies and holds her breath? . . . 'Tis a simple blade of grass!

Looking at these cautious, delicate cares, this ear of hurting, this desire of preserving, this tender consideration for all existence, who can mistake the mother's hand?

The great mother, the great nurse, is like all mothers—she fears to force. She surrounds, but does not press; she influences, but does not compel; she is ever giving, but gradually and little at a time . . . so that the nursing, whatever it be, may not long remain passive, may aid itself, and may finally act according to its kind.

The constant miracle of the world is, that infinite strength, far from crushing weakness, wishes weakness to grow into strength. Omnipotence seems to make divine felicity exist in creating, encouraging life, action, liberty. (*Clamour, violent altercation, long interruption.*)

The sole aim of education should be to imitate this conduct of Providence in the culture of man. Its object should be the development of a free creature, so that it may, in its turn, act and create.

In the disinterested and tender education which they give their child, parents want nothing for themselves, but all for him; they want his faculties and the fulness of his powers to grow and ripen harmoniously, so that he may gradually become strong, be a man, and fill their place.

Above all, they want their child to develop all the activity of his nature, though they be the

sufferers. . . If the father fence with him, he yields him the advantage in order to embolden him; retreats, suffers himself to be hit, never thinks that he hits hard enough. . .

The sole thought of parents, the end of their cares for so many years, is that their child may at last be able to do without them. Even the mother resigns herself to this, sees him depart, launches him into dangerous careers, into the navy, the army! In what view? That he may return a man, embrowned with the sun of Africa, distinguished and admired; that then he may marry, and love another more than his mother.

Such is the disinterestedness of family nature: all that is asked for is to produce a free and strong man, able, when the occasion calls, to detach himself and be his own support.

The artificial families, or fraternities of the middle age, were imbued, in their origin, with a portion of this divine character of the natural family, of harmonious development into freedom. The large monastic families, at their outset, had a shadow of it; and it was then that they produced the great men who are their representatives in the sight of history. They were only fecund, so long as they allowed some latitude to free development.

The Jesuits alone, instituted for specific violent action, political and warlike, have undertaken to absorb the whole man in this action. They want to appropriate him to themselves without reservation, and to employ and to keep him from his cradle to the grave. They take possession of him by education; before the reason, awakened, can stand in its defence, they obtain the mastery over him by preaching; and they guide him, even in his most trivial doings, by becoming his *spiritual directors*.

What is this education of theirs? Their apologist, the Jesuit Cerutti, explains it in a manner that there is no mistaking: "Just as one swaddles the baby's limbs in the cradle, to insure *their just proportion*, it is necessary, from earliest youth, to *swaddle*, if I may so speak, *the will*, to insure it all throughout life a happy and salutary suppleness." (*Apologie*, p. 330.)

If one could for a moment admit that a *swaddled* faculty could ever become a free agent, the admission must be retracted when we bring side by side with this simpering word the franker expression which they have not feared to inscribe in their rule, and which indicates both the precise kind of obedience they require and what man must become in their hands—"Like a stick, like a corpse."

But they may urge—"If the will only be annihilated, may there not be a compensation in what the other faculties will proportionally gain?"

Prove that they have gained. Prove that a man's mind and intellect can live, and his will be dead. . . . Where are the great men you have produced these last three hundred years? . . .

* Delivered May 11th, 1843.

And though one side of a man might be the gainer by the weakening of the other side, who gives you a right to practise operations of the kind? Who, for instance, authorizes you to pluck out the left eye under pretence of strengthening the right?

I know that the English breeders have found out the art of making strange specialties—sheep which are nothing but tallow, oxen which are nothing but meat, elegant skeletons of horses to win prizes with; and, to ride these horses, dwarfs: wretched beings, who are forbidden to grow!

Is it not impious to apply to the soul this shocking art of making monsters, and to say to it: "Thou shalt sacrifice this faculty, retain that; we will leave thee memory, discrimination in unimportant matters, habits of business and of craft; but we will deprive thee of that which constitutes thy essence, which is thyself, of will, of liberty! . . . so that, thus lopped, thou mayest still live on as an instrument, but no longer belong to thyself." . . .

To make these monstrosities, a monstrous art is required.

The art of keeping men *together*, and yet *isolated*, united for action, disunited in heart, contributing to one same end, whilst making war on each other.

To bring about this state of isolation in conjunction with a state of society, the first step must be to leave the inferior members in perfect ignorance of what is to be revealed to them when they reach the superior ranks, (Reg. comm. xxvii.) so that they may proceed blindly from one stage to the other as if climbing by night*.

This is the first point to be secured. The second must be, to create a mutual distrust of one another by the fear of mutual betrayals, by the spy-system. (Reg. comm. xx.)

The third, the complement of this artificial system, is to arrange a set of educational works which shall show them the world in a false point of view, so that, deprived of all means of self-control and instruction, they may be for ever imprisoned, walled in, as it were, in falsehood.

I will instance only one of these works—their *Abridgment of the History of France* (edit. of 1843†); a work, millions of copies of which have, during the last five-and-twenty years, been circulated in France, in Belgium, in Savoy, Piedmont, and Switzerland; a work so thoroughly their own, that they introduce changes in it year by year‡.

* To justify their prohibiting their servants from learning to read, they boldly quote St. Francis of Assisi (Reg. comment. Nigronus, p. 303), who, owing to his implicit belief in divine illumination, dispenses his followers from studying. . . . I seem to see Machiavel turning to his own political purposes, the saying which he heard fall from a child's lips! It is the same with many other points, the letter of which the Jesuits have borrowed from the older rules, to use in quite an opposite sense from their original meaning; and which remain as so many witnesses to the difference of their spirit from that of the middle age.

† *Histoire de France*, for the use of youth, t. ii. p. 342, in 12mo: a new edition, revised and corrected, 1843, and published at Lyons, by Louis Leane, late Rusand. This book, and all others by the same hand, is marked in the catalogues with the sign, A. M. G. D. (*Ad majorem gloriam Dei*, To the greater glory of God); or with the letters L. N. N. (*Lucet, non nocet*, Shining, but hurting not.)

‡ And from month to month. In an edition published in June, they suppressed a passage which I quoted in my *Lectures* from an edition published in the January or

expunging the follies which had made the name of its author notorious, but leaving all his calumnies and blasphemies against France . . . in every page the English spirit and the glories of Wellington*. Why, the very English have shown themselves less English, and have refuted with contempt the calumnies invented or renewed by the Jesuits of our slain at Waterloo; and, above all, that paragraph in which, speaking of the refusal of the imperial guard to surrender, the Jesuit historian adds,—"*These madmen were seen firing upon and slaying each other in face of the English, who stood transfixed with horror at the sight.*"

Wretched man how little do you know of the heroic generation that you are thus recklessly calumniating! They who have been honoured with the intimacy of those heroes, will say whether their calm courage could ever be sullied by impotent rage. . . . More than one have I known, as gentle as an infant. . . . Ah! the powerful were mild, indeed†.

If you have a grain of prudence, never speak of those men or of those times; pass the whole over in silence. . . . You will be at once detected for what you are—for the enemies of France. . . . She herself will say to you, "Touch not my dead; beware, they are not as dead as you suppose!"

[The hand that directed the disturbance throughout this lecture, was easily recognized; and the

February preceding, and which lies before me as I write this note, June 24th.

* It is worth while to look at the absurd speeches they put in his mouth, full of insult to us (li. 312), and the silly but sanguinary effusions they attribute to Napoleon (li. 324),—the drivelling of idiot hate. On the 20th of March (1802–1814†) they make the people mingle with the cries of "Long live the Emperor!" shouts of "Long live Hell!" "Down with Paradise!" (p. 337.). What can one think of their filling two whole pages of this small work with a dissertation on perukes (li. 168, 169)? The whole work, in fact, is of the same character; every where the same worldly and bigot spirit, and the gravest things alluded to with a lamentable levity, which shows the death of the heart within. Here is the manner in which the author mentions the massacre of St. Bartholomew:—"The marriage was celebrated; and the joy of the festival would have been perfect but for the bloody catastrophe which brought it to a close" (i. 294.). But exceeding all is the following impudent eulogium passed by the Jesuits on the Jesuits: "By a distinction, honourable to this order, *all the enemies of religion were considered to be its enemies*" (li. 103)!

† How many proofs could I not cite! Here is one which deserves to be saved from oblivion. At the battle of Wagram, one of the batteries of the imperial guard took up its station for a moment on a spot covered with the wounded of the enemy. One of these, who was suffering agony from his wound, as well as from thirst and the heat, called out to the French to put an end to him. Maddened at not being understood, (he was an Hungarian,) he dragged himself to a loaded musket, and endeavoured to fire it at the cannoneers. The French officer in command took the musket from him, and hung some coats on a stack of muskets to screen him from the heat. This officer was M. Fourcy-Gaudein, an artillery captain of the guard, the excellent historian of the Polytechnic-school, and the writer of many charming poems, composed during the tremendous wars of the empire, and on every battle-field of Europe. He lies in our *Cimetière du Midi*, with this simple epitaph on his tomb, *Hinc Surrecturus* (About to rise hence), and beneath, *Stylo et Gladio Meruit* (Distinguished both by his pen and his sword) The two first words, so noble and so christian, are those which he had himself inscribed on the tomb of his mother—*Hinc Surrectura!*

means employed were altogether conformable with the description I had been drawing of the method pursued by the Jesuits, consisting in drowning the voice of the lecturer, not by hisses, *but by bravos!* . . . This manoeuvre was executed by some dozen individuals who had never attended the course, and who had been beaten up as recruits that same morning, in a large public establishment.

So *un-French* a manoeuvre disgusted the students; and the more so that the disturbers of the lecture, in their inexperience, broke out at random, and, as it happened, at the most religious passages. They were in danger from the indignation of the students, especially one of their number, whom I had the pleasure of seeing a friend of mine protect by the interposition of his own person.

On the evening of May the 16th, a deputation of the students waited upon me with a letter, couched in the most becoming terms, in which they expressed both their sympathy with the professor, and their indignation at the unworthy attacks to which he had been exposed. Two hundred and fifty-eight signatures were appended to this letter in a moment.

The papers, as I have already said, had declared for us; and, on the 15th, I addressed the following letter to the editor of the *Journal des Débats*:

"SIR,—In an obliging article, in which you undertake to establish the justice of our cause, you state that we are employing the right of *self-defence*, an expression which might lead some to infer that we have postponed the subject-matter of our teaching, and the syllabus of our lectures, (made out long beforehand,) in order to meet the attacks on our reputation.

"No, Sir, we are not defending ourselves. The garbled, disfigured extracts quoted by our opponents, are their own defence the moment they are read in conjunction with the context. As to the commentaries with which they are garnished, who would dare to read them in public! The impurity of the monastic imagination displayed in some would have made Aretine recoil! (See the *Monopole Universitaire*, p. 441.)

"In the very first lecture delivered by me this year, I stated my subject; it was the loftiest question in the philosophy of history—

"The distinction betwixt living *organism* and mechanism, or formalism and vain scholastics.

"I. In the first part of my course, I proved that this sterile spirit was not, as has been supposed, the dominant principle of the middle age; and I inquired into the mystery of its fecund vitality.

"II. In the second part of my course, I proceeded to show what judgment should be passed on the *false middle age* which has been imposed upon us. I have characterized it, externally, by its impotence and the sterility of its results; and am now penetrating into the heart of its mystery, the perfidiousness of its principle—which is, to take possession of man by surprise; to muffle him up before he is of age to defend himself; to *scaddle the will*, to borrow the phrase from the Apology for the Jesuits.

"Such was, such is, sir, the plan of my course. Polemics only enter it to the support of theories; and I have cited the order of the Jesuits as a case in point, just as I had occasion to do that of the Templars.

"I am no brawler. The greater part of my life has been spent in silence. I was advanced in years when I began to publish; and ever since, I have studiously avoided controversy. For twelve years I have been absorbed in an immense undertaking, which will occupy the whole of my life. Yesterday, I was writing the History of France; and I shall be writing it to-morrow, and every day as long as God will allow. All I ask of Him is to preserve me, as he has heretofore done, in a state of equanimity, and master of my own heart and judgment, so that the mountain of lies and calumnies which has long been amassing to overwhelm me with at one blow, may not disturb a hair's breadth the impartial balance which he placed in my hand. I am, Sir, &c."

"Monday, May 16th, 1843."

On the 18th, our opponents perceived, by the attitude of the silent crowd which filled all the avenues of the *Collège de France*, that any further attempt on the patience of the public would be dangerous. The Lecture went off without the slightest interruption. A person suspected, perhaps wrongfully, of an attempt at interruption, was handed over the benches from one to another, and in a moment expelled the room.

From that day the peace has been unbroken.]

LECTURE THE FOURTH*.

LIBERTY, FECUNDITY.—STERILITY OF THE JESUITS.

THE liberty of the press has preserved liberty of speech.

The instant a free thought, a free voice is raised, there is no stifling it; it pierces through walls and barred doors. How hinder six hundred persons from hearing what will be read to-morrow by six hundred thousand!

Liberty is man. Even to subject oneself, one must be free; to give oneself away, one must be one's own. He who could renounce his birthright by anticipation would no longer be man, but thing—God would own it not!

* Delivered May 18th, 1843.

Liberty is so essentially the fundamental of the modern world, that her enemies have no other weapon to combat her but herself. How was Europe enabled to make head against the Revolution! By giving, or by promising, liberty—communal liberties, civil liberties (as in Prussia, Hungary, Galicia, &c.).

The violent adversaries of the liberty of thought have derived all their power from this very liberty. Curious, to see M. de Maistre, in the briskness of his attack, momentarily escaping from the yoke which he seeks to impose—here, more mystical than the mystics condemned by the Church; there,

quite as revolutionary as the Revolution which he combats.

Marvellous virtue of liberty ! The freest of ages, our own, is also the most harmonious. It has developed itself, no longer by servile schools, but by cycles or great families of independent men, who, without holding one of the other, yet go on eventually joining hands ; in Germany the cycle of philosophers, of great composers ; in France, the cycle of historians and of poets, &c.*

Thus it has happened that precisely at the moment association ceased to be, and that religious orders and schools had passed away, there began, for the first time, that grand concert, in which each nation within itself, and all nations between themselves, without any previous understanding, have chimed in in accordant harmony.

The middle age, less free, could not originate this noble harmony ; but enjoyed, at least, the hope of it, as it were, its prophetic shadow, in those great associations which, albeit dependent, were nevertheless so many liberties in comparison with preceding ages. St. Dominick and St. Francis, drawing the monk out of his seclusion, sent him to all parts of the world as preacher and as pilgrim. This newly-born liberty diffused life by torrents. St. Dominick, notwithstanding his fatal share in the Inquisition, gave birth in crowds to profound theologians, orators, painters, bold thinkers, until he burned himself with his own hands, no more to come to life, on the same stake with Bruno.

And so the middle age was not an artificial and mechanical system, but a living being, which enjoyed liberty, and through liberty, fecundity ; which truly lived, for it worked and produced. And now that it rests, it has earned its rest like any other good workman. We, who work to-day, shall readily go and lie down by it to-morrow.

But first, both it and we shall be summoned to answer for our deeds. Ages, like men, are accountable. We moderns shall appear with the men of the middle age, bearing our works in our hands, and presenting our great workmen. We shall point to Leibnitz and Kant ; it, to St. Thomas : we, to Ampère or Lavoisier ; it, to Roger Bacon : it, to the composer of the *Dies Irae*, of the *Sabat Mater* ; we, to Beethoven and Mozart.

Yes, this antique age hath wherewithal to answer. St. Benedict, St. Francis, St. Dominic, will present themselves bearing great works, which, scholastic as they may appear, were nevertheless works of life.

Whom or what have the Jesuits to produce ?

It is wholly irrelevant, when we point to these two imposing galaxies of the geniuses of the middle and of the modern ages, to produce men of learning, of cultivated mind, agreeable Latin versifiers, a good preacher—Bourdalone, an ingenious philosopher—Buffet†: all they can show is little as regards

literature, and nothing, or worse than nothing, as regards art. See their influence upon that meretricious school of painting, which, like some antiquated and affected coquette, has been on the wane ever since Mignard's day†.

No ; those are no works for you to show ; but you have others.

And, first, your histories‡, often learned, always to be read with suspicion, always biassed by party interest. Your Daniels and Marianas could not have spoken the truth, had they wished it. Your writers lack one thing, that which you labour the hardest to destroy, that which a great man has pronounced to be the quality essential to the historian : " A lion's heart, to speak the truth always !"

In reality, you have but one work you can claim as your own—a code.

I mean the rules and constitutions by which you are governed ; add the dangerous chicanery in which you train your confessors for the government of souls.

In going over that great work, *The Constitutions of the Jesuits*, one stands aghast at the immensity of the details, at the infinitely minute foresight which it exhibits. It is rather a great, than a grand ; construction, and fatigues the eye, because it no where offers the simplicity of life ; because we observe, with alarm, that the living powers figure there as stones. One would fancy one saw a huge church, not like that of the middle age in its simple vegetation ; no—a church whose walls present only the heads and faces of men who look and listen, but no body nor limb ; the limbs and bodies being for ever blocked up, alas ! in the immovable stone.

The whole edifice reared on the one principle—mutual superintendence, mutual denunciation, a perfect contempt for human nature—(perhaps, a natural contempt at the fearful epoch when the order was instituted).

Bollandus, Gaubli, Pannin, &c. *Men of letters*, Bouhours, Rapin, La Rue, Jouvency, Vanière, Sanadon, &c. Many scientific and able men they are to show, but not one man of genius. Their best argument would be, that having started into being in time of warfare, and having generally led a life of action, they have acted rather than created, and that we should examine what they did, rather than what they may have left behind. In answer, we inquire whether their action upon life has been really productive ; and the result, even as regards their missions, is a decided negative. See a Lecture of M. Quinet's, further on.

• Poussin loved neither the Jesuits nor their painting. He drily answered their objection, that he represented Jesus Christ under too austere a figure, " That our Lord was not a sleek parson (*un père douillet*)."

† The entire order is an historian, an indefatigable biographer, a laborious keeper of records (*archiviste*) ; for it relates, day by day, to its general, all that takes place in the world.

‡ All that is borrowed in this work from the middle age is invested with a modern character, frequently the opposite of the ancient spirit. Its prevailing genius is that of the scribe ; an endless mania for regulating, a superintending curiosity, which never stops, and which strains to see and to sound a bottom beyond the bottom. Hence the strange refinements of their casuistry, and the melancholy hardness which leads them to stir up and decompose filth, at the risk of sinking deeper into it. To sum up, the work displays a petty, subtle, captious spirit, a spurious mixture of bureaucracy and scholasticism, a spirit of police rather than of policy.

* The same development is observable in science since the commencement of the century. You find the chemists of France and mechanicians of England, during the great struggle between the two countries, labouring face to face, and, nevertheless, labouring in perfect harmony, all drawing from the bosom of nature those marvellous powers, which, though sought after under the inspiration of war, yet still remain in everlasting and peaceful perpetuity to mankind.

† See the list in the Jesuit Cerutti's Apology (p. 292. §10) :—*Historians*, Bougeant, Duhalde, Strada, Charlevoix, Maimbourg, &c. *Men of deep learning*, Petau, Sirmond,

The superior is begirt by his *councillors*; the members, the novices, and the pupils, by their brethren or comrades, ready to denounce them. And shameful are the precautions taken even against the most dignified and longest tried members*.

Gloomy society, how much I pity thee! . . . But must not man, so ill at ease within its bosom, be so much the more active when partially released from its trammels, and filled with a dangerous restlessness? The only means of slightly lessening the pressure of this fearful spirit of police is for the sufferer himself to carry it into every thing.

Is not the introducing a police of the sort into education an impiety? What! you lay your hand on this poor soul, which has but a day's existence between two eternities, but one day to become worthy of everlasting beatitude, in order to convert the child into the betrayer, that is to say, to make him resemble the devil, who, we learn in the book of Genesis, was the first betrayer the world saw!

All the services which the Jesuits have had it in their power to render†, cannot efface this one

* There is a police and a counter-police. *The penitent is even set as a spy on her confessor*, and, at times, deputed to try him with insidious questions! A woman made to act the spy, by turns, on two men jealous the one of the other; a hell beneath hell! Where is the Dante who could have imagined this? The reality is much vaster and more terrible than all fancy or imagination! . . . Espial of this sort is not specified in the rule, but it is observed in practice.

† And indisputably they have rendered services, as regards the transition stage of study between the education of the schoolmen and that of modern times. Nevertheless, their plan of instruction is spoiled, even in what is most judicious in it, by a petty spirit, and by a needlessly minute subdivision of times and studies. All this is pitifully fragmentary—a quarter of an hour for four lines of Cicero; another quarter of an hour for Virgil, &c. And, together with this, we must reprobate their mania for arranging authors, and blending their own style with theirs, for dressing up the ancients as Jesuits, &c.

foul blot. Even their method of teaching, and of education, in many respects judicious, is, nevertheless, impressed with a mechanical and automaton-like character. It has none of the spirit of life. It regulates the exterior, and the interior may follow as it can. Among other points of regulation, the pupils are instructed to *carry their heads properly, always to cast down their eyes a little lower than those of the person whom they address, and to take care to keep the nose from curling, and the forehead from wrinkling**, the too visible signs of duplicity and cunning. These hapless players do not know that serenity, the air of candour, and moral grace and dignity, proceed from within, and mount from the heart to the face; that they are inimicable.

Such, gentlemen, are the enemies with whom we have to do. Religious liberty, on which they sought to lay hands, is guarantee for all the rest—for political liberty, for that of the press, for that of speech, which I beg to thank you for having maintained. Guard well this grand inheritance. You are the more bound to keep it untouched and unscathed, inasmuch, young men, as you have received it from your fathers, and not won it for yourselves. It is the prize of their efforts, the fruit of their blood. Desert it! As well might you shatter their very tombs!

Ever bear in mind the saying of a venerable man of a former day, of the man with the white beard, as he calls himself, of the Chancellor L'Hôpital: "Lose one's liberty! Gracious God, what is there left one to lose after that?"

* *Institutum Soc. Jes.* ii. 114, ed. Prag. in folio. Not a single change has been introduced into the educational system of the Jesuits. All the details described in the work entitled, *L'Intérieur de Saint-Acheul, par un de ses élèves*, have been confirmed to me by youths brought up at Bruges, Briege, and Fribourg.

LECTURE THE FIFTH*.

FREE ASSOCIATION, FECUNDITY.—STERILITY OF THE CHURCH IN BONDAGE.

The base and violent attacks made upon me since our last meeting, compel me to say a word of myself.

One word; the first, and it will be the last.

Gentlemen, our acquaintance is now of long date. Most of you have been brought up, if not by me personally, at least by my books, and by pupils of mine. All present know the line I have followed.

That line has been at once liberal and religious. It begins with the year 1827. In that year, I published two works; one was the translation of a book which makes Providence the foundation on which to build the philosophy of history; the other was an Abridgment of Modern History, in which

* Delivered May 26th, 1843.

I denounced, more strongly than I have ever since done, fanaticism and intolerance*.

From that date I was known both by my books and by my lessons at the Normal School; lessons carried by pupils of my own forming into every corner of France. Not one word has been uttered or taught by me since, at variance with the principles on which I started.

Mine has not been a favoured career. One by one I have advanced from stage to stage, without having been spared a single gradation. Examina-

* See, in particular, my observations on the massacre of St. Bartholomew, *Précis de l'Histoire Moderne*, p. 141 (ed. 1827).

tion, election, seniority have formed the ladder by which I have risen.

I have had my humble origin cast in my teeth—why, 'tis my glory! (*Applause.*)

I have been accused of *place-hunting**; will they tell me when? He, who for so many years, and without respite, has been daily occupied with the double labours of professor and of writer, has had but little time to spare for prosecuting any personal views or interests.

For years upon years have I led the life of those Benedictines of our age, of Sismondi and of Daunou. The latter resided in a distant suburb, inhabited by market-gardeners. Of a morning, as soon as they saw the lamp in his window, they would rise to their daily work. "It is four o'clock," they would say.

When a man begins an immense work, like the history of our native country, a work immeasurably disproportionate to the brief span of human life, he condemns himself to the life of a recluse; a life, not unattended with danger; for at length one grows so absorbed in it as to be dead to all that is going on abroad, and to awaken only when the enemy is forcing the door or when he has burst into the house.

But yesterday, I confess, I was wholly wrapped up in my work, shut in with Louis XI. and Charles the Rash, and busily trying to make them agree; when aroused by hearing at my windows that great flight of bats, I put out my head to see what was going on.

What did I see? Nothingness taking possession of the world; and the world making no effort, the world floating about as if on the raft of the *Medusa*, and, choosing no longer to row, breaking up, destroying the raft, and making signals . . . to the future! . . . to a saving soul! . . . No! . . . to the abyss, the void. . .

The abyss gently murmurs,—Come to me, what fear you? See you not that *I am nothing*.

'Tis precisely because *thou art nothing*, that I fear thee. 'Tis thy nothingness which I fear. I have no fear of that which *is*; what truly *is*, is of God.

The middle age has said in its last work, the *Imitation*—"God speaks, and the doctors are silent." We cannot affirm this—for our doctors have not a word to say.

Do theology, philosophy, those two mistresses of the world from whom the Spirit ought to descend, do they still speak?

Philosophy is dwindled down to history, to erudition; she translates, or she reprints, but teaches no more.

Theology teaches no more. She criticizes, rails, lives on the names of individuals, on the writings and reputation of Mr. So and So, whom she attacks. But what is Mr. So and So to us? Speak to us of God!

It is high time, if we wish to live, for each, leaving these doctors to dispute as they list, to seek life in himself, to appeal to the voice within, to the persevering labours of *solitude*, to the succour of free *association*.

* I applied for nothing under the Restoration, as I have been accused of doing; but I was myself applied to. At what moment? In 1828, during the Martignac ministry, and through the mediation of an illustrious friend of mine on whom that minister bestowed a professorship, with the applause and approbation of the whole kingdom.

At the present day we no longer know what solitude and association mean; still less do we know how solitary labour and free inter-communication can reciprocally aid and quicken each other.

Yet, here also is salvation! In my mind's eye I see a whole people drooping and suffering, without association, and without real solitude, however isolated such people may be. Here, I see a whole people of students, apart from their families (this mountain of schools* is after all filled with exiles), there, a whole people of priests scattered over the country, an unfortunate swarm, hampered on the one hand by the ill-will of the world, on the other by the tyranny of their superiors, without a voice to complain withal, and who, for half a century, have dared only to sigh †.

All these men, now isolated, or forcibly associated so that they curse association, were grouped, in the middle age, in free confraternities, in colleges, where liberty had her share even under the dominion of authority; for many of these colleges were self-governed, and nominated their own heads and masters. And not only was their administration free, but, in certain points, their studies. For instance, in the great school of Navarre, in conjunction with the course of reading obligatory on all, the students enjoyed the right of choosing some book which they could study, elucidate, and master among themselves. This liberty was secured in results. The school of Navarre sent forth a crowd of eminent men, orators, critics—Clemengis and Launoy, Gerson and Bossuet, among the number ‡.

The liberties enjoyed by the schools of the middle age disappeared in succeeding times.

In these schools (too hastily condemned) little,

* (An allusion to the *Pays Latin*, as it is called, the quarter of Paris in which the Collège de France and other public seminaries are situated.)—TRANSLATOR.

† See the work entitled *De l'Etat actuel du Clergé, et en particulier des Curés Ruraux appelés Desservants*, par MM. Allignol, Prêtres Desservants, 1839.

‡ See the fecundity of free development in those pleasing associations of the great painters, from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century!

Whilst the master allows his pupils to work upon his paintings, his vigorous impulse, nevertheless, goes on throughout all this variety of handling. And they who seem to immolate themselves to him, to be absorbed in him, to be lost in his glory, gain the more, the more they forget themselves. Free and light, above interest and selfish pride, grace grows under their pencil, without their knowing how or whence. . . . See that youth: he was yesterday grinding colours; he is now himself the head and founder of a school.

The truly divine feature of free association is this: that whilst it proposes as its object such or such a given work, it develops that which is above any work—the power which can produce all works—union, *brotherhood*. In that picture of Rubens's where you trace the hand of Vandyke, there is a something greater than the picture, greater than art—their previous friendship!

The more thoroughly the virtue of free association shall be understood, the more delight we shall take in witnessing new powers bursting into life, the more gladly shall we reach out our hand to the new-comer. Every man of a genius and a pursuit different from our own, brings with him an element that we ought to welcome. He comes to render us more perfect. Before him, the great lyre which we form amongst ourselves, was not yet harmonic; each string acquires its value from its neighbour strings. If an additional one be discovered let us rejoice; the lyre will be the more harmonious.

indeed, was taught, but the faculties were largely exercised. With the sixteenth century, the aim is changed, and *knowledge* is the imperative want. All at once antiquity is rediscovered, and adds all her stores to the science and learning already extant. By what mechanism can this mass of words and things be stored up in the memory?

The inharmonious mass had produced only doubt; all was uncertain, both ideas and manners. To extricate the human mind from this state of fluctuation the strong machine of the Society of Jesus was invented; once submitted to which and firmly riveted down, there would be no possibility of wavering for a moment.

What was the result? This barbarous idea of holding life palpitating in an iron vice, missed securing its object. When they fancied it had firm hold, it held nothing. They found that they had only grasped death.

And death spread. A spirit of distrust and inactivity took possession of the Church. Talent inspired suspicion. The deserving were those who held their peace; they resigned themselves to silence, until it became easy to simulate death. And when the imitation is so easy, the fact is that death has taken place.

In our own time, the leading champions of the clergy do not belong to their body (as the Bonalds, the De Maistres). One priest has put himself forward, only one*. . . Is he still a priest?

Profound sterility, which only too clearly explains the silence that now prevails. . .

"What!" it may, perhaps, be objected, "is it not sufficient to repeat and reiterate an everlasting doctrine?"

Why, precisely because it is eternal, because it is divine, Christ, in his mighty awakenings, has never been without a new robe, without the raiment of youth. . . From age to age has his vesture been renewed—by St. Bernard, and by St. Francis, and by Gerson, and by Bossuet! . . .

Extenuate not your impotence. If your churches are crowded, attempt not to make us believe that it is to hear your sifting of old controversies. Before we have done with you, we will analyze the different motives that have brought you your hearers; but, to-day, one question only—"Do these crowds go to church in the view of quitting the world, or of getting more quickly on in it?" In these days of competition more than one has imitated the hurried man of business who, to escape the jostling throng, takes advantage of some open church, and, making a short cut through it, steals a march on the simple ones, who are still elbowing their way as they can.

Keeping the clergy sterile, forcing upon them the dry, withering education of the sixteenth century, imposing upon them the study of works which only witness to the hideous state of the morals of that age, is doing what their most deadly enemies would shrink from doing.

What! to enervate, to paralyze this great living body! to hold it inert, immovable! to bar it everything, except slander!

* The illustrious M. de la Mennais.

Why slander, why criticism, if you will, is still only criticism; that is, a negation. To become more and more negative, is to lose more and more of life.

We, whom they regard as their enemies, want them to act, to live. And their superiors, or, to speak plainly, their masters, will not suffer them to give a sign of life. Which, I pray you, of the two mothers in the judgment of Solomon, which is the true, the loving mother? *She who would have her child live.*

Poor Church! They must be thy adversaries, then, who beseech thee to recognize thyself, to share with them the task of interpretation, to call to mind thy liberties and the grand prophetic voices that have issued from thy bosom!

Forgettest thou, then, O Church, the everlasting words which one of thy prophets, Joachim de Flores, listened to with respect by popes and emperors, dictated in the year 1200, at the foot of Etna? His disciple tells us: "He dictated three days and nights, without sleeping, eating, or drinking; I wrote . . . And he was pale as the leaves of the forest:

"There have been three ages, three kinds of persons amongst believers; the first called to the task of fulfilling the Law, the second to the work of the Passion, the third elected unto the liberty of Contemplation. This is what the Scriptures testify, where it is written, There where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.—The first age was an age of slaves, the second of free men, the third of friends; the first an age of aged men, the second of men, the third of children; in the first nettles, in the second roses, in the third lilies.—The mystery of the kingdom of God appeared at first as if in deepest night; then it came to dawn like the morning; one day it will shine in highest noon. . . For, with each age of the world knowledge grows and becomes manifold. It is written, Many will pass away, and knowledge shall go on increasing."

Thus, from the depth of the thirteenth century, the prophet saw the light of the modern world, progress, liberty; which the churchmen of this day cannot recognize. You can descry Mont Blanc at thirty leagues' distance, and yet cannot see it when you live within its shadow.

It is liberty, that liberty announced by the prophets, which now beseeches the Church, in their name, not to die, not to allow herself to be strangled by this heavy cope of lead, but rather to raise up and free herself by elapsing the young and powerful hand liberty holds forth to her aid.

These prophets, and we, their children (under a different form, but that matters not), have felt God alike, as the living and free Spirit which desires the world freely to imitate him.

Throw down, then, your useless arms; abjure the mad war you are driven to wage contrary to your inclinations. Would you have us stay here like idle workmen, spending the whole day at the corners of the streets, doing nothing but quarrel?

Why not, rather, come, you and the rest, to work with us whilst there are yet left a few hours of the day, so that, by joining works and hearts, we may all grow more and more—to use the expression of the middle age—brothers in the free spirit.

LECTURE THE SIXTH *.

THE SPIRIT OF LIFE. THE SPIRIT OF DEATH.

WHATEVER the pressure of worldly affairs, or intoxication of the passions, there is no man who does not find at some moment of his life—the time to muse on a higher life.

There is no man but has asked himself, when sitting alone at his fireside after the fatigue of the day, or refreshed by the night's rest, in the calm morning hour, whether he was always to remain in this world of pettinesses, whether he was never to take wing!

At such serious moments, seldom to return, what manner of man is it we meet!

We meet two men, two languages, two minds.

One tells you to live a life eternal, no more to disperse your powers, but to concentrate them within yourself; to embrace your destiny, your particular study or art, with an heroic will; to receive nothing, whether knowledge or belief, as a dead lesson, but as a living thing—as a life starting into life, which you are bound to quicken, nurse, vivify; creating, according to the measure of your strength, in imitation of Him who is ever creating. This is the grand road; and, though that of fecundating movement, does not take you out of the path of sanctity. Have we not seen the eldest born of God, to whom he granted to follow him in his path of creation,—the Newtons, Virgils, and Corneilles,—walking in simpleness, remaining pure, and dying children!

So speaks the spirit of life. What says the spirit of death! That if we live, we should live little, from less to less; and, above all, create nothing.

"Beware," it exclaims, "from developing your inward strength; question not yourself; believe not the voice within; search out of yourself, never in yourself. What good is it to wear yourself out in the prosecution of your life, your study! Behold all studies ready to your hand, short and easy; you have but to learn. A fool is he who seeks to soar. 'Tis safer to creep, and you reach the goal quicker.

"Let alone your Bible and your Dante. Take up the *Fleur des Saints* (the "Flower of the Saints"), the *Petit Traité des Petites Vertus* (the "*Little Tract on the Little Virtues*"). Pass this amulet round your neck, perform the "Hundred Mortifications" (*Cent Mortifications*); and then, over and above, this little hymn to a fashionable tune. Choose a good seat in church, where you may be conspicuous and recognized as a pious person; you will be taken by the hand, introduced to a rich wife; your fortune, in short, will be made.

"But all this is on one condition—you must be reasonable; that is, you must extinguish your reason. You are not yet completely corrected; you still presume occasionally to think for yourself. This is naught. Look at yonder automaton; there is a model. You would say it was a man, and it speaks and writes; but never anything of itself—always what it has learnt; if it stirs, it is because a spring has been touched.

* Delivered June 1st, 1843.

"Did men only know how superior machinery is to life, they would no longer live, and all would go on the better. How advantageous would it not be for you to replace this feverish circulation of the blood, this variable play of muscles and of fibres, by those beautiful machines of steel and brass, the regular play of whose wheels and pistons it is so delightful to look upon."

Many are doing their utmost to approach this beau-ideal. Could they attain it, and the metamorphosis be complete, it is plain what life would become.

And what would become of science, of literature!

In the first place, there would be some sciences that would be branded as suspected; and others, considered less to be suspected, would be retained as secret instruments. The mathematical and physical sciences would find grace as the means of machinery and of thaumaturgy; grace for a time. For after all, they are sciences, and would eventually be denounced. Astronomy, condemned long since with Galileo, would be defenceless. The Anti-Copernicus, sold after sermon at the doors of the church, would kill Copernicus. The four rules, perhaps, might be retained! And what more!

A little Latin must be kept for divine service; but no Latin literature, except in editions arranged by the Jesuits. Modern literature and philosophy are heresies, to be banished utterly and altogether; and how much the more that East which is now presenting itself to Christianity as a brother, and under Christian forms. Haste to bury deep such a science, and let its name never be breathed more.

No more science; a little art may be spared,—a devout art. Which, and of what epoch! . . . That of the middle age is too severe; Raphael is too pagan; Poussin is a philosopher; Champagne is a Jansenist. Ha! there is Mignard, and in his train a host of charming artists, who paint you in the most gallant spirit allegories, emblems, delightfully coquettish devotional pieces, of the newest invention. . . . With such a groundwork, form is a secondary matter. Your strolling artists, who decorate with their sign-post paintings the little chapels of Bavaria and the Tyrol, are all that is required.

But why waste your breath speaking of art, painting, sculpture! There is a far different art, which is not contented with the surface, but which sinks within; an art which takes the soft clay, a softened, spoiled, corrupted soul, and which, instead of fortifying, handles, kneads it, takes from it the little elasticity that was left, and works the clay into mud. Marvellous art, which renders penance so sweet to sick souls that they must be ever confessing—for confessing thus is sinning still.

This charming casuistry, were it not for its squint, might be taken for jurisprudence, whose bastard-sister she is; but, on the other hand, how infinitely more winning! How much would scowling jurisprudence be improved would she only take pattern by the gentle arts of the other!

Who but would love a Papinian, refined by an Escobar ! So tender would the heart of Justice at length become, that she would loathe her sword, and yield it up to these peaceful hands. Happy change, from law to grace ! Law judges according to merits. Grace selects, distinguishes, favours. There would be the strict letter for some, grace for others. In other words, law would be reversed.

Here, at length, we are freed from law, as we have been from art and science. What is there left, Religion !

Alas ! she died the first of all ! Had she lived, all might have been renewed, or, rather, nothing would have perished. What is left is a machine which simulates religion, which counterfeits worship, just as in certain eastern countries the devout have instruments which pray in their stead, imitating by monotonous sounds the murmurings of prayers.

How low are we sunk now, how deep in death ! Thick clouds and dark, are around. . . .

Where, then, in this all-encircling night, where is she who promised still to hold the torch for us across the ruins of empires and of religion ! where is philosophy ! Pale light, without heat, her lamp has gone out on the icy summit of abstraction. Yet, she fancies she still lives, and, voiceless as she is, asks pardon for living of theology, which is no more alive than she.

Let us awake. Thanks to God, all this has been but a dream !

I look on the world again ; it lives. The genius of the modern age is true to itself. Checked, perhaps, for a moment, it is not the less living, powerful, immense. 'Tis its colossal height which has till now hindered it from heeding or knowing the clamour of the crawling things at its feet.

It had something else to do when, with one hand, it was exhuming twenty religions, and, with the other, measuring the heavens ; when day by day, newly invented arts sprang into being from its brow, like so many sparks cast off. . . . Yea, it was thinking of something else, and is to be excused for not having understood that these mites were constructing some box or other to shut up the giant in.

The wisdom of the antique East, profound under its infantile form, tells us that an unhappy Jin was forced into a brazen jar ; rapid, vast being, he who with a wave of his wing could reach the pole, was imprisoned in this jar, sealed down with a seal of lead, and the jar sunk to the bottom of the sea.

In the first century of his captivity, the prisoner swore that he would gift his deliverer with empire — In the second he swore that he would bestow on him all the treasures within the bowels of the earth — In the third, he swore that if ever he were set free he would issue forth in flames and consume all before him.

Who, then, are you ; to suppose that you can seal the jar, to imagine that you can hold captive the living genius of France ! Are you master, as in the eastern tale, of the great seal of Solomon ? That seal had virtue in it ; it was inscribed with an unspeakable name, which you will never learn.

There is no hand powerful enough to compress, I do not say for three centuries, but for a single moment, the terrible elasticity of a spirit which influences all. Find me a rock heavy enough, a mass of lead, of brass, . . . heap on it the whole globe, 'twill be as a feather's weight. And, were the

globe heavy enough, and had you narrowly searched for and closed every means of escape, by some vent, undiscovered by you, the flame would blaze up to heaven.

Here, let us conclude. We have reached the term of this course. We have studied first of all, the living organism of the true middle age, next, the sterile *machinism* of the spurious middle age, which seeks to palm itself upon us ; and lastly, we have characterized, and specifically described the *spirit of death* and the *spirit of life*.

Had the professor of moral philosophy and history the right to handle the loftiest question belonging to the domain of history and of moral philosophy ?

It was not his right only, but his duty. If any one doubt it, it must be from ignorance, that here where studies are completed, and instruction mounts its last and highest stage, knowledge is, not the knowledge of this or that, but, in brief, absolute *knowledge* ; complete living knowledge, directing the interests of life, rejecting its passions, but borrowing its lights. To it every light belongs.

"Are not the questions of the present day to be excepted !" What is the present day ! Is it so easy to isolate the past from it ! No time is out of the sphere of knowledge. Even the future belongs to it in those sciences which are advanced enough to allow of our predicting the return of phenomena, as in the physical sciences, and as one day we shall be enabled (conjecturally) in the historical.

This right, which the pulpit has claimed for itself, with such violence as to make it a pretext for personal attacks, the lay pulpit, the professorial chair, will exercise here, peaceably, and with the measure required by the differences of circumstances and of times.

If there be in the world one chair more than another that has this right, it is the one which I now occupy. That right is its birthright, and they who know the price paid for it, will never dispute its title.

In the tremendous convulsions of the sixteenth century, when liberty ventured to set foot into the world, and, bruised and bleeding stranger as she was, seemed hardly able to live, our kings, maugre all that was said against her, sheltered her here.

But the storm blew from the four quarters of the heavens. Scholasticism asserted her claims ; ignorance waxed furious ; falsehood spoke from the seat of truth ; and soon, fanaticism, in arms, laid siege to these doors : no doubt thinking, raging madman, that it could slaughter thought, poniard the mind !

Ramus was teacher here. The king, that king Charles IX. too, felt for once a noble impulse, and sent him word that he would find an asylum in the Louvre. Ramus persevered. The only free spot in France was this small floor, these six square feet occupied by this chair. . . enough for chair and for tomb !

He made good this chair and this right, and so was the salvation of the future. Here he spent his blood, his life, his free heart. . . so that this chair, transformed, might never be stone nor wood, but a living thing.

Be not surprised, then, that the enemies of liberty cannot face this chair ; that they are troubled

as they look at it, are involuntarily agitated, and betray themselves by inarticulate cries, by savage sounds, which have nothing human in them.

They know that this chair has kept one gift beyond their reach; that were they in the ascendant, and every voice hushed, it would speak of itself. No terror of what was threatened from without silenced it, either in 1572, or in 1793. And even recently, its voice was heard whilst tumult was raging, and it prosecuted its firm and peaceful mission, whilst volleys of musketry were pealing round.

How, then, could this chair of moral philosophy be silent, when the gravest question of all public morality came hither in living guise, and forced, if I may so speak, the gates of this school?

Unworthy should I have been ever again to breathe a word from this spot, had I been mute, when my friends were threatened in every quarter of France, and were upbraided with my teaching and friendship. Though I quitted the University when I accepted this chair, I do not the less remain in her in heart. I live in her through my labours as teacher of philosophy and history, and through the many arduous years I spent in her with my pupils—cherished remembrances for ever, both for them and for me.

In this common danger, I was bound to let them hear a voice they knew, and to tell them that, whatever may happen, there will ever go forth, from this chair, a claim for the independence of history, which is the judge of time, and for that grandest of the liberties of the human mind, philosophy.

I know that there are, who, caring neither for philosophy, nor for liberty, give us scant thanks for having broken silence . . . peaceful folk, friends of order, who find no fault with those who are having their throats cut, but with those who cry out. When the cry of "help" is raised, they protest from their windows at such a noise at unseemly hours, and at quiet people having their rest disturbed.

These systematic sleepers, in their search for a powerful narcotic, have done religion the honour to believe that she was the opiate wished for, and they have seized on her, who, if the world were dead, could awaken the dead to life, as a means of going to sleep.

Skilful in other matters are they, and may well be excused their ignorance of religion, as they find none in their heart. And so there have not been wanting those who have rushed to them, saying, "We are Religion!"

Religion! How fortunate that you are living here. . . . But who are you, good people; whence come you? how did you get in? The sentry of France kept not good watch that night on the frontier, for you certainly were not seen.

From the countries which make books, there have come to us books; foreign literatures, foreign philosophies, which we have accepted. The countries which do not make books, anxious not to remain in the rear, have sent us men; the invaders have crept in, one by one.

Good people, who travel by night, I had happened to see you by day-time. I remember you but too well, as I do those who brought you. It was in 1815. Your name is—the foreigner.

You took good care, luckily, to prove your title to the name at once. Instead of restraining yourselves and whispering, as one commonly does when one

enters by stealth, you made a great noise, insulted, threatened. And, meeting with no reply, you lifted the hand; on whom, wretched men!—on the law!

How could you think that this law, buffeted by you, could go on pretending not to see you?

The alarm was given; who dares say that it was too soon?

Was it too soon when, reviving what had not been seen for three hundred years, the pulpit was desecrated by defamatory attacks on individuals, and calumnies uttered from the altar?

Was it too soon, when, in that province of ours which contains the largest number of Protestants, you interfered with the Protestant dead?

Was it too soon, when immense associations were forming, one of which alone in Paris numbers fifty thousand persons?

Do you speak of liberty? Speak next of equality! Can there be equality between you and us? you are the leaders of formidable associations; we are solitary men.

You have forty thousand pulpits to speak for you, willingly or unwillingly. You have a hundred thousand confessionals, from which you move and influence all family life. You hold in your hand that which is the basis of the family, (and of the world,) you hold the MOTHER; the child is only an accessory. Ah! what can the father do when she comes home from church or confessional as one lost, throws herself into his arms, and exclaims—"I am damned!" You may be sure that to pacify her alarmed imagination, he will consent the next day to give you up his son.—Twenty thousand children in your little seminaries; two hundred thousand, presently, in the schools under your influence! Millions of women who only breathe as you direct!

And we, what are we opposed to these vast forces? A voice, no more . . . a voice to call out to France. She is now warned, and must take her own course. She sees and feels, however, the net in which they thought to enmesh her in her sleep.

To all sound hearts, one last word! To all, laymen or priests (and may a free voice reach them in the depths of their bondage!)—may they all aid us by courageous words or by silent sympathy, and may all bless from their hearts and their altars, the holy crusade we have begun for God and liberty!

[From the day this lecture was delivered, the situation of affairs changed. The Jesuits published at Lyons their second pamphlet*; to explain the drift of which, we must go back a little.

* This time, it is no longer a canon, but a *curé*, who affixes his name to it. The appeal made by the press to the inferior clergy had given great alarm, and in this new pamphlet the strongest desire is visible to come to terms with them. Of the two demands made by the working clergy (*les curés desservants*), namely, the suspension of the power of removal (*Finamovibilité*) and appeal to law, they admit the first, as it isolates the *curés* from the bishop, but dread the last; since appeal to law, whilst limiting the bishop's authority, would yet strengthen it, and alter the bishopric into a regular system of administration, instead of leaving it, as it is, a weak, violent tyranny, hateful to the clergy, and therefore obliged to throw itself for support on the Jesuits and on Rome. See the *Simple Coup-d'Œil*, p. 170—178. The hand of the Jesuits is visible throughout the pamphlet. No one can mistake it; and I could instance, if need were, proof upon proof. We have just seen how easily they make their peace with the *curés* at the expense of the bishop, agreeing that, after all, "The bishop is a mortal," &c. The pamphlet speaks of all the states of Europe,

A whole work might be written on their manoeuvres for the last few months, on their tactics in Switzerland and in France.

Their starting point is their great success during the winter, when they carried so quickly the small cantons, seized Lucerne, and occupied St. Gothard, as they have long done the Valais and the Simplon.

Great military positions; but, beware of vertigo. France, seen from those Alpine summits, must have seemed small to them; smaller, apparently, than the lake of the Four cantons.

The signals have been transmitted from the Alps to Fourvières, and from Fourvières (Lyons), to Paris. The moment seemed propitious. Our good France slept, or seemed to sleep. They wrote to each other (as did formerly the Jews from Portugal): "Come quickly! the land is good; the people simple; all will be ours."

For a year they were tampering with us, and found no limits to our patience. They attacked individuals, railed at the government; but nothing stirred. They struck; not a word followed. They went on seeking out for some sensitive point on the hardened cuticle.

And then, and then, they were fired with extraordinary courage. They threw aside the staff, took to the sword, the huge two-handed sword, and, with this gothic weapon, aimed a heavy blow, the great blow of the *Monopoly* (charging the University with a monopoly of education).

The dignity of the University not allowing her to reply, others faced the attack, and, with the press to aid, and crossed against true steel, the famous two-handed sword turned out to be a wooden sword after all.

Great was the alarm on this, brisk the retreat, and out came the naïve ejaculation of fear:—"Alas! how can you kill us! We no longer exist!"

But, if you no longer exist, who wrote that huge libel of yours?—"Ah! sir! it was the police played us that trick . . . no, no, no, we mistake, it was the University, which, in order to ruin us, infamously defamed herself*."

Recovering, however, from their first fright, feeling that they were not killed, and, looking back, they saw that no one was following them. . . . Hereupon they halted, stood firm, and again unsheathed the sword. . . .

Forthwith a new libel, but quite different from the first, and full of strange confessions such as no one ever expected. It may be summed up as follows:—

"Learn to know us, and, first of all, learn that in except those under the influence of the Jesuits, which are either hardly named, or not at all. We find (p. 85) the author betraying himself by saying, "The name of Jesuit, so honourable everywhere, &c.!" No one in France, not even a Jesuit, would have written this. The pamphlet must have been composed in Savoy or at Fribourg.

* It is certain (strange as it may seem) that they committed all kind of follies on their first alarm—it was an old woman, a beadle, a carrier of holy water, who had whispered this about.

our previous work we lied. We spoke of *liberty of teaching*; which means that the clergy ought to be the only teachers*. We spoke of the *liberty of the press*; meaning for us alone; it is a lever which the priest ought to avail himself of†. As to *manufacturing and commercial liberty*, to get possession of trade of all kinds is one of the duties of the Church‡. *Liberty of worship*; not a word on't. 'Tis an invention of the Apostate, Julian. . . . Mixed marriages we will no longer suffer; such marriages were contracted at the court of Catharine de Medicis on the eve of St. Bartholomew§.

"Beware, beware; we are the stronger. We advance a surprising but unanswerable proof of this, namely, that all the powers of Europe are against us||. Save and except two or three petty states, the whole world reprobates us."

Strange, that confessions of the kind should have escaped them! We had said nothing near so strong. In the first pamphlet, we had noticed signs of a wandering mind; but to hear such confessions, such a lie given by themselves to-day to their words of yesterday! This is a terrible judgment from God. . . . Let us humble ourselves.

Such is the fate of having taken the holy name of liberty in vain. You supposed that it was a word to be pronounced with impunity, though not felt at heart. . . . You made furious efforts to force this word up from your chest, and it has happened to you as to the false prophet, Balaam, who cursed, when he thought to bless; you would still lie, would still exclaim *Liberty!* as in your first pamphlet, and you cry, *Death to Liberty!* All that you have denied, you are now crying out at the top of your lungs to the passers by.]

* Teaching belongs to the clergy by right divine . . . the University has usurped the functions. . . . Either the University or Catholicism must give way, &c. p. 104.

† To avail themselves of the press does not mean making use of the press merely, since the writers of the pamphlet acknowledge their efforts to hinder the sale of Protestant works. See note, p. 81.

‡ *Ibidem*, p. 191. If we would know the fate of all industry under such influences, we have but to turn our eyes to the misery of the greater number of the countries where it prevails; the one where it reigns without rival—the Papal states—is a desert.

§ The Jesuit who wrote page 82 to page 85, inclusive, and, above all, the note to page 83, is one who will be heard of again; he is still young and ignorant, that is plain enough; but he has a touch both of Jacques Clement and of Marat within him.

These pages, more violent than all that has been condemned in the most violent political pamphlets, seem got together to exasperate the fanaticism of our peasants of the south. Indeed, the work was destined for the south alone, not a single copy having been sent to Paris. In the note alluded to, the bellicose Jesuit passes his forces in review, and ends with this sinister phrase: "HUGUENOT MARRIAGES WERE CONTRACTED IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY, TOO, AT THE COURT OF CATHERINE DE MEDICIS . . . and they ended in civil war."—*Simple Coup-d'œil*, &c. p. 83.

|| A good third of the pamphlet is taken up with proving this.

M. QUINET'S LECTURES.

INTRODUCTION.

THE emotion caused by a mere philosophical discussion cannot be ascribed to any person in particular. The impression produced has been deep only because it has made manifest, along with a new phasis of the public mind, a danger, in the existence of which otherwise it would have been difficult to believe. Who does not perceive that in future these discussions are destined to enlarge their sphere? They will emerge from the schools, and enter into the political world. Nothing is useless which can serve to affix to them from the outset their true character.

I have been impelled into this discussion by two reasons: first, by the provocation of reiterated violence; secondly, by the persuasion that the question at issue was, though nominally the University, the right of thought, religious and philosophical liberty; that is to say, the very principle of modern science and society.

After having had recourse to violence as long as they were able, the adversaries of the freedom of thought appear now in the character of martyrs; they publicly offer up prayers in the church for the persecuted Jesuits; but we cannot suffer them to remain behind this mask. Why were they not content with calumniating? Never, for my part, would I have dreamt of disturbing their repose. But they were not satisfied; they courted the combat. And now that they have met the enemy, they complain of having been injured. During several days we beheld, at the foot of our chairs, our modern leaguers shouting, hissing, vociferating; and the worst of it is, that all this was done in the name of liberty. For the sake of maintaining the independence of opinion, they began by stifling the examination of opinion.

Little by little, instruction and science were placed in a state of siege; we waited until assailed by outrage, in order to prove that it was necessary to carry the war into the country of the assailants. From the day when we began the struggle, we made up our minds to accept battle under whatever form it might be offered.

One thing has facilitated this task for me—the knowledge, namely, that such a situation was not personal. For a long time, in fact, we had seen an artificial fanaticism turning to its own account the beliefs of the sincere; religious liberty denounced as an *insidious doctrine*; Protestantism driven to madness by unheard-of outrages; the pastors of Alsace obliged to calm, by a collective declaration, their communes, astonished by so many savage insults; an incredible decree, obtained by surprise, which took away one half of the country churches from their legitimate proprietors; a priest, assisted by his parishioners, casting to the winds the bones of the Protestants, and this impiety

left insolently unpunished*; the bust of Luther, with many shameful circumstances, torn from a Lutheran town; latent war, organized in this quiet province, and the tribune silent concerning these strange doings: on the other hand, the Jesuits twice as numerous under the Revolution as they were under the Restoration, and reviving, along with themselves, the maxims of the society, indescribable infamies, which Pascal even would not have dared to describe in order to combat, and which are claimed as the proper food of all the seminaries and confessors of France; the bishops, one by one, turning against the authority by which they were appointed; and in spite of so many treacheries, a singular facility of procuring fresh ones; the inferior clergy in absolute servitude, a new *proletariat* beginning to take courage to utter complaints; and in the midst of all these things, when wisdom should have suggested a defensive attitude, a morbid ardour of provocation, a fever of calumny sanctified by the Cross—such was the general situation.

The ground, moreover, was well prepared; society had been worked upon for many years in its heights and in its depths, in the workshop, in the schools, through the heart and through the head. Opinion seemed to succumb on all occasions. Accustomed to retire, why should it not take another backward step? From the outset, Jesuitism found itself naturally allied with Carlism, in the same spirit of intrigue and of painted decrepitude. What St. Simon calls *that froth of nobility*, could not fail to mingle with this leaven. As to one portion of the bourgeoisie, in

* The Consistory of Paris, in alluding to the same fact, in a solemn Inauguration speech, pronounced in the presence of the minister of public worship, makes use of the same expression that I do, "*the unpunished profanation of our tombs.*" See *Inauguration de l'Eglise Evangélique de la Rédemption*, printed by order of the consistory, p. 19.

Some neo-Catholic writers have thought fit, in spite of this, to bring my words under the notice of the law. These words were written under the impression produced by a summary judgment which declared the conduct of the accused ecclesiastic blameable. A subsequent decision has fully acquitted him. According to his defenders, he did not scatter the bones of the Reformed to the winds; he only looked upon the dust in the bottom of the tombs, and pushed back a little the Protestant communion-table. I respect the decision of those courts, but think at the same time that they are not judges of the piety or impiety of actions. Since when has it been sufficient for a priest to be in exact conformity with the requirements of the correctional police? Without disobeying them is it not possible to wound that which is most sacred in the religious conscience? It is not the correctional tribunal which *punishes impiety*, but ecclesiastical authority. Our adversaries always confound police and religion.

its solicitude to mimic a factitious remnant of aristocracy, it was quite prepared to consider as a mark of good taste, the imitation of religious, literary, and social dotage.

The time accordingly seemed good for surprising those who were thought to slumber. It was strongly felt, that after so much declamation, it would be a decisive blow if in the College of France the liberty of speech and of instruction could be crushed. If this result could be obtained by a *coup de main*, it might be represented as the effect of a sudden manifestation of public opinion; such a triumph was worth the trouble of emerging from the catacombs, and appearing before the public. Appear, accordingly, they did, and repented as soon as they appeared; for we understood the full purport of the meditated act of violence and the critical nature of the time; we depended, for our defence, not on the power of our eloquence, but on our determination to concede nothing, and on the enlightened conscience of our audience. All that a phrensy, sincere or simulated, was able to effect, was to smother for a time our voices, and thus to give to public opinion an opportunity of declaring itself; after which these new missionaries of religious liberty retreated, with fury in their hearts, and full of shame for having exposed themselves in the full glare of day, and ready to deny themselves; as, in fact, they did deny themselves the very next day.

This defeat was entirely owing to the power of opinion and of the press, to the upright feelings of the new generation, which does not understand such artifices. If the same follies are repeated, we shall receive the same support. The question, in some respects, concerns us no longer; it remains to be seen how the state will treat it when it falls in its way. It would certainly be very convenient to sit down between the two camps, to attack Ultra-montanism with one hand and to flatter it with the other; but such a situation would be full of peril. A decision on one side or the other must be come to. It is not for me to deny the power of Jesuitism and of the interests connected with it, a power only beginning to be felt; and which regains silently in the darkness what it loses in open day. The idea of an alliance with it therefore may present itself; the attempt may be made to rest at least one foot of the throne on this ground. If the coalition be sincere, it will be powerful. But it must be avowed; otherwise it may happen that the consequence of over-committing may be the opposition both of the Ultra-montanists and of their antagonists.

It is strange that such questions as these should have taken society by surprise, and that no warning voice was raised in the tribune. Under the Restoration this was the watch-tower from which the sign of coming storms was descried afar off, and whence the country was forewarned of approaching dangers long before they were imminent. Why has the tribune lost this privilege? I begin to fear that those four hundred statesmen conceal one from the other the country they inhabit.

This is a more serious matter than some may imagine. It concerns a throne and a dynasty. I know of men who go about daily saying—"There are no Jesuits. Where are the Jesuits?" By dissembling the question, they only prove how thoroughly they comprehend its bearing.

The religious re-action which is attempted to be turned to the advantage of a sect is not, in fact, without an answering voice in society. What man is there who has not been, as it were, wretchedly disgusted with political interests and hopes? Having seen during twelve years, what are called the heads of parties employing all their talents in mutually aiding each other to deceive the public, who has not for a time been disgusted with this corruption that has at last become a matter of habit, and turned his mind towards Him who alone intrigues not, deceives not, lies not! This religious disposition is inevitable. It will be fruitful and salutary. Unhappily, every body begins already to trade upon this revulsion; some even avow that this restored Divinity may be an excellent instrument in the hands of the powers that be. What a piece of good fortune would it, indeed, prove for many a statesman, if proud, warlike, revolutionary, philosophical France, weary at length with all things, even with herself, were at length to consent, abandoning all her political fervour, to tell her beads in the dust by the side of Italy, Spain, and South America!

We are told, you attack Jesuitism as a precautionary measure. Why do you separate it from the rest of the clergy? I separate that only which desires to be separated. I develop the maxims of that order, which represents the combinations of political religion. Those who, without bearing the name of the order, govern themselves by the same maxims, will easily apportion to themselves their share of what I say; as for the others, an opportunity is afforded them of denying the ambitious, of regaining the maled, of condemning the calumniators.

It is high time that we should know, whether the spirit of the French revolution is nothing more than a hackneyed word, which may publicly and officially be despised. Does Catholicism, by placing itself under the banner of Jesuitism, desire to recommence a war which has already been so fatal to it? Will it be the friend or the enemy of France?

The worst thing that could happen to it would be to persist in showing that its profession of faith is not only different from, but inimical to the profession of faith of the state. In the institutions she has founded on the equality of all existing creeds, France professes, teaches the unity of Christianity under the dogmas of particular churches. This is her confession, as it is written in the sovereign law;—every Frenchman belongs legally to the same church under different names; we henceforth recognize here no schismatics, no heretics, but those who, denying every other church but their own, all authority but their own, desire to impose it on all the others, to reject all the others, without discussion, and who dare to say: Out of my church, there is no salvation; whereas the state says precisely the contrary. It was not from caprice that the law abolished a state religion. France could not adopt as its representative this Ultra-montanism, which, by its principle of exclusion, is diametrically opposed to that social creed and that religious universality which are inscribed in the constitution as the result not only of the Revolution, but of the whole of modern history. From which it follows that, in order that things should be otherwise, one of two

things must happen, either that France should renounce her political and social communion, or that Catholicism should, in truth, be universal, and should comprehend what it now contents itself with accusing.

Some, who, it would appear, see further than their neighbours, entertain, it must be confessed, a singular hope; they observe what is going on among the dissenting persuasions, and by dwelling on the intestine agitations of the Anglican and Greek churches, and of Protestantism in Germany, they persuade themselves that England, Prussia, Germany, and even Russia, are secretly inclining towards them, and will some day, with their eyes shut, pass over to Catholicism as they understand it. Nothing, however, can be more puerile than such a belief. To believe that schism is nothing but a fancy of ninety millions of men, which can be put an end to by a new fancy of orthodoxy, is a sort of madness common with those who appear to be alone in the confidence of Providence in its government of history. If Protestantism is accommodating itself to certain points of the Catholic doctrine, does any one really persuade himself that it is simply in order to deny itself, and to give itself up without reciprocal conditions? It assimilates to itself, it is true, divers portions of the primeval tradition; but, by this labour of conciliation, it is bringing about absolutely the contrary of what those among us desire, who are dreaming only of excluding, interdicting, anathematizing. It expands itself in proportion as those on our side narrow their position; and if ever such a conversion takes place, I predict that our Ultra-montanists will be more embarrassed with their converts than they are now with the schismatics.

They ask for liberty in order to destroy liberty. Grant them this weapon; I do not wish to see them deprived of it; it will recoil upon themselves. Throw open for them, if you will, every barrier; it is the way to bring the question to an issue, and a way which I do not dislike. Let them be everywhere; let them invade every department; and ten years will not elapse before they are driven away, for the fortieth time, along with the government, which has been or seemed to be their accomplice; it is for you to decide if this is what you want to accomplish.

In this struggle which is attempted to be excited between Ultra-montanism and the French Revolution, wherefore is the first always and necessarily vanquished? Because the French Revolution, in its principle, is more truly Christian than Ultra-montanism; because the sentiment of universal religion pervades France rather than Rome. The law evolved from the French Revolution is

comprehensive enough to assimilate the lives of those whom religious sects kept separated exteriorly. It has conciliated in spirit and in truth those whom Ultra-montanism desired eternally to separate; it has made brothers of those whom she made sectarians; it has raised what she condemns; it has consecrated what she proscribes; it has substituted an evangelical alliance where she would have nothing but the anathema of the old law; it has destroyed the names of Huguenots and Papists, and allowed only that of Christian to remain; it has pleaded the cause of the people, of the humble, when she spoke only for the princes and the powerful of the earth. That is to say, the political law, however imperfect it may be, has been found to be more in conformity with the Gospel than those doctors who affect alone to speak in the name of the Gospel. By drawing together, blending, uniting in the state the various members of the family of Christ, it has displayed more intelligence, more love, more Christian feeling, than those who, for three centuries, have been content to say *Rosa* to half Christendom.

As long as political France preserves this position in the world, she will be inexpugnable to all the efforts of Ultra-montanism, because, religiously speaking, she is the superior; she is more Christian, because nearer to the promised unity; more Catholic, because her expanded principle includes the Greek and the Latin churches, the Lutheran and the Calvinistic, the Protestant and the Roman within the same law, the same name, the same life, the same city of alliance. France has been the first to plant her banner, without the limits of any sect, in the living idea of Christianity. This constitutes the greatness of the Revolution; she will fall only if, unfaithful to this universal dogma, she enters, as some persons invite her to do, into the sectarian policy of Ultra-montanism.

To support so much pride, show me a single point of the earth where a strictly Catholic policy is not combated and overthrown by facts. In Europe, in the East, in the two Americas, it is sufficient to raise this banner to introduce immediately both moral and physical decay. When France, in the beginning of this century, governed the world; was it in the name of Ultra-montanism? Was it Ultra-montanism that conquered the world? Even Austria does not adopt this flag; she lets her Church loose only at a distance from herself, to complete the prostration of her conquered provinces. Italy, Spain, Portugal, Paraguay, Poland, Ireland, Bohemia, all these people victims of the same policy—is it their fate that you envy? Let us speak plainly. Here are holocausts sufficient to sacrifice on an altar which is no longer the salvation of any one.

LECTURE THE FIRST *.

ON LIBERTY OF DISCUSSION IN MATTERS OF RELIGION.

DIVERS circumstances compel me to explain the meaning I attach to the words, liberty of discussion,

* Delivered May 10th, 1843.—I have noticed expressions of sympathy among my auditory as long as the attempts at interruption were continued.

as regards public teaching. I wish to do so with moderation; calmly, but with the most perfect frankness. So long as attacks came from a distance, even when I had fallen under the anathema of episcopal charges, and of holy

chairs, it was possible, and perhaps decent, to preserve silence ; but when insult came and showed its face here, within these precincts, at the very foot of these pacific chairs, it became necessary to speak.

I am told that scenes of disorder are meditated, and are to commence to-day, during my address. (*Derisive laughter. Applause.*) I should not give credence to this if I did not know, from what has just taken place during the lecture of a man whose every sentiment I share, of my dearest friend, M. Michelet, what kind of liberty we are to expect. Can it be true, that persons come here for the sole purpose of insulting us *incognito*, in case we should venture to think differently from them ! Where are we then ! Are we in a theatre ; and how long is it, since I, for my part, undertook to please, individually, every spectator, on pain of infamy ! In truth, that is a sordid task which I did not accept. Do you think that instruction consists in flattering the dominant idea of every man, without ever coming in collision with a single passion, a single prejudice ! Silence would be a thousand times better. In entering here, let us remember that we are entering the College of France, that is to say, the very domains of discussion and free examination ; that this asylum of liberty is confided to us all, and that it is my sacred duty not to allow this hereditary character of independence to diminish or to change.

If there be any persons here who are animated against me by an especial feeling of hatred, what, I ask, do they expect ! what do they want ! Do they hope, by menaces, to modify my words, or to stop my mouth ! I should fear that the contrary would be the case, if my high sense of the duty I am fulfilling did not give me the power to persevere in the moderation which I believe to be the sign of truth. Do they think, since it is best to speak plainly, that their abuse will drive me to despair, or that I can do nothing better than make reprisals ! If so, they are mistaken ; I shall even go so far as to say, that I consider the violence of abuse a sign of sincerity, because, with a little more calculation, their accusations would have been better chosen. Are the opinions I have elsewhere published, the reasons why I am to be persecuted here ! I am not sorry to have this opportunity of declaring that whatever I have written, up to this day, I believe, I think, I sustain still ; whatever opinion may be formed on this subject, no one can deny that I have remained one and consistent with myself. Or, is it my general spirit of liberty in religious matters ! I shall presently come to that point ; but if you want a profession of faith, I believe, as the state teaches us, in a fundamental law, evolved from fifty years of revolutions and of trials, that all sincere communions in this country partake of the living Spirit of God. I do not believe that out of my church there is no salvation. In fine, is it the manner in which I announced the subject of my course of lectures ! But you are yourselves witness ; was it possible to do so with less of bitterness, more of moderation ! It is the question then itself which they would like to stifle. Yes, let us be frank, it is this name of *Jesuits* which does all the harm ; it is for touching on the origin, on the spirit of the Jesuits, that even before I have opened my mouth, I am accused by people who never forgive.

Why, it is asked, speak of the Society of Jesus

in a course of lectures on the literature of the South ! What affinity can there be between things so opposite to each other ! I should be very unfortunate, and have strangely wasted my time, if you had not already perceived in all its extent this indissoluble affinity. At the end of the sixteenth century, in Spain, and, above all, in Italy, public opinion was effaced. Writers, poets, artists, disappear one after the other ; instead of the ardent, audacious generation that preceded it, the new men stagnate in an atmosphere of death ; we hear no more of the heroic innovations of the Campanellas, the Brunos : we have, instead, a honied poetry, an insipid prose, that exhales a kind of faint sepulchral odour. But, whilst everything perishes in the national genius, behold a little society, that of the Jesuits, grows visibly, insinuates itself everywhere in the perishing states, feeds upon what is left of life in the heart of Italy, draws strength and nourishment from the substance of this great partitioned body ; and when so great a phenomenon appears in the world, influencing all other intellectual facts, and becoming their principle, I must not venture to speak of it ! When, pursuing my subject, I come into immediate contact with so powerful an institution, which influences every mind, which comprehends, epitomizes the whole system of the South, I must pass on and avert my eyes ! What remains then for me to do ! To confine myself to a few sonnets, and to the amorous mythology of those periods of decay ! Suppose it even so ; in spite of ourselves we could not avoid the question. For, after having studied these miserable things, there would still remain to describe the deleterious influence which was one of their most manifest causes ; and the only difference would be, if the question of Jesuitism were postponed, that I should invert the order, and place at the end what ought to have been at the beginning ; to study the death of a people, if we endeavour to penetrate its causes, is as important as to study its life.

At least, it is added, you might have exhibited the effect without the cause, letters and policy without the spirit that swayed them, Italy without Jesuitism, the dead without the living. No, I could not, and, moreover, I will not.

What ! I should discover, by careful observation, all Southern Europe exhaust itself in the development and the formation of this establishment, languish and perish under this influence ; and I, whose business it is, at this moment especially, to study the inhabitants of the South, should say nothing of the cause which makes them perish ! (*Murmurs.*) I should quietly behold my country invited into an alliance which others have so dearly atoned for ; and I should not say, "Take care ; you have the benefit of the experience of others ;—the most unfortunate nations in Europe, those which are the least in credit, the least in authority, those which seem the most abandoned by God, are those in which the society of Loyola has its focus !" (*Murmurs, stamping of the feet, cries ; for some minutes the speaker's voice is drowned.*) Do not yield to the impulse ; example shows that it is fatal ; do not sit under this shadow ; it has put to sleep and poisoned, during two centuries, both Spain and Italy. (*Tumult, cries, hisses, applause.*) I ask you if, from these general facts, I may not draw the consequence,—what becomes of all instruction in such matters !

But my astonishment redoubles. For what order, for what society is this strange privilege claimed? Whom do you desire to place beyond the reach of discussion and observation? Can it be the living clergy of France? Or can it be one of those pacific and modest communions which require protection against the violence of an intolerant majority? No, it is a society which (we shall presently see whether with or without reason) has been at different times expelled from all the states of Europe, which the pope himself has condemned, which France has rejected, which does not exist in the eyes of the state, which rather is held to be legally dead in the public law of our country; and it is this remnant without a name, which hides itself, shrinks from sight, grows by denying itself; it is this which we are not permitted to study, to consider, to analyze, in its origin and its history! Every other order has confessedly had its time of decline, of corruption, has been accommodated in its spirit to a particular epoch, after which it has given way to others, pretty nearly in the same manner as political societies, states, peoples, which have all had their fixed day and their destiny; and the Jesuit society is the only one of which the faults, the phases of decline, the signs of decrepitude, may not be pointed out; it is blasphemy to contrast its time of degradation with its time of greatness, because this is to attribute to it the vicissitudes common to every other establishment; to doubt of its immutability is almost an effort of courage. Whither will this road lead us? Are we quite sure that this is the road of the France of July? (*Applause.*)

I will speak my whole mind. Yes, in this audacity there is something that pleases and attracts me; it seems that I now comprehend and exhibit the greatness of this society better than all its apologists; for they would that I should not speak of it; and I on the contrary maintain that this society has been so powerful, its organization so ingenious and full of life, its influence so long and so universal, that it is impossible not to speak of it, whatever subject we treat of towards the end of the revival of letters,—poetry, art, morality, politics, institutions. I maintain, that after having seized upon the whole substance of the South, it alone during a whole century has remained living in the bosom of these dead societies. At this very moment, torn in fragments, trampled or crushed by so many solemn edicts, it does not argue a little genius and a small courage to come to life under our eyes, half to raise itself, to speak as a master when it has scarcely emerged from the dust, to provoke, to menace, to defy anew intelligence and common sense. If the world, after having extirpated the Jesuits, is in a humour to allow itself again to be mastered, they are right to make the trial; if they succeed it will be the greatest miracle of modern times. At all events, they obey their law, their condition of existence, their destiny; I do not blame them, it is in their character. All will go well if, on the other hand, we all preserve our own. Yes, this reaction, in spite of the intolerance of which it boasts, does not displease me; it will be useful to the future, if every one does his duty: that is to say, if science, philosophy, human intelligence, being provoked and summoned, accept the great defiance. Perhaps we were about to betake ourselves to slumber in the possession of a certain number of ideas, which some cared no longer to increase; it is good that truths should

from time to time be disputed, for man is thus incited to acquire new ones; if he is left in undisturbed possession of his inheritance he does not increase it, but allows it to diminish. They accuse us of being too bold; I accept a portion of the reproach; only I will say, that instead of being too bold, I begin to fear that we have been too timid. Compare in fact for a moment the state of instruction in our country and in the universities of the despotic governments of the North. Was it not in a catholic country, in a catholic university, at Munich, that Schelling developed during thirty years with impunity in his chair, with unceasing boldness, the idea of that new Christianity, of that new church, which transforms both past and present? Is it not in a despotic country that Hegel with still greater independence has revived all the questions which relate to dogmas? And there it is not only theories and mysteries that are freely discussed by philosophy, but even the letter of the Old and New Testaments, to which the same disinterested spirit of criticism is applied as to Greek and Roman philology.

Such is the life of instruction even in despotic states. Whatever can put man on the track of truth is permitted, allowed; and we, in a free country, on the morrow of a revolution, what have we done? Have we used, abused that philosophical liberty which the time granted us, and of which nobody could deprive us? Have we unfurled the banner of philosophy and of free discussion as far as it was lawful so to do? Assuredly not; as everybody believed that this independence was for ever conquered, nobody was in a hurry to make full use of it; the most daring questions were adjourned; it was desired by excess of care to remove every occasion of difference. Philosophy, which might have been betrayed into overweening pride by the triumph of July, has, on the contrary, bent herself to a humility that has surprised all the world; and this humble situation, in which at least we expected to find peace, is the refuge which they refuse to leave us. Must we concede, retire further! Why a single backward step might throw us out of our age. What must we do then? Advance. (*Applause.*) For my part I thank those who provoke us to action and life. Who knows that we should not have ended by sitting down in a sterile and false repose? Many thought that the alliance of belief and knowledge had at last been consummated, the goal attained, the problem solved. But no! our adversaries were right; the time of repose has not yet come; the struggle is useful when we engage in it in good faith; it is in these eternal struggles of knowledge and belief, that man raises himself to a superior belief, to a superior knowledge. Why should we be relieved from the condition of the holy combat imposed upon all our predecessors? The time will come when those who so violently dispute, will repose together; that time has not yet come; until then it is right that each man should perform his task and should combat in his own way, as the alliance has been broken on one side.

Once more I thank my adversaries; they follow their mission, which until now has been, by an immutable contradiction, to provoke, to spur on the human mind, to compel it to advance further every time it begins to pause, or to be satisfied with the tranquil possession of a portion only of truth. Man is more timid than he seems; if he is not opposed

he is too accommodating. Is not this his history during the whole of the middle age? And this history, this perpetual struggle, which constantly reanimates and excites him, has it not almost entirely taken place in the very localities where we now are, on this heroic mountain of Gênevieve! Why do you wonder at the combat? We are on the very field of battle. Was it not here, in these chairs, that from Abelard to Ramus appeared all those who served the cause of the independence of the human mind, when it was most contested? That is our tradition: the spirit of those men is with us. As the objections, which they trampled under foot, and which were believed to be for ever buried with them, re-appear, let us do as they did; let us even carry the banner of free discussion still further. (*Applause.*)

At the point at which we have arrived, there is a fundamental question, which lies at the bottom of every difficulty, and on which I desire to explain myself so clearly, that no confusion shall remain in the minds of those who hear me. What, according to the spirit of our new institutions, is the right of discussion and examination in public instruction? In terms still more precise—is a man who teaches here publicly in the name of the state, before men of different creeds, obliged to adhere to the letter of a particular communion, to carry into all his researches this spirit of exclusion, to allow nothing to appear which might cause a temporary separation? If I am answered in the affirmative, I should like you to tell me which is the communion which ought to be sacrificed to the others; whether it ought to be that which excludes every other as so many errors; or that which receives them all as so many promises; for I do not imagine that any one would desire, without a moment's deliberation, to have the minority passed over as non-existent. Am I here Catholic or Protestant? To state the question is to solve it.

Even under the Restoration, when there existed a state religion, instruction derived a portion of its distinction from its very liberty; on one hand, a Protestantism learnedly impartial, on the other, a Catholicism boldly innovating, which approximated and blended in a community of ideas and hopes. Now, that which science, literature, philosophy, had set forth with so much splendour in theory, was introduced into the real world, into our institutions, by the Revolution of July. And now that there is no longer a state religion, how can you expect the state publicly to set up intolerance here? That would be an evident contradiction of her own principle. I know but one means of introducing the principle of exclusion into these chairs; it would be to allow all our freshest recollections to fall into oblivion, to shatter every thing that has been done in the full light of day, and by a splendid apostasy to step back over more than half a century. Until that day comes, not only will it be here permitted, but it will be one of the necessary consequences of the social dogma, that we should raise ourselves to a height at which the divided, separated, and inimical churches may approximate and become conciliated. This point of view, which is that taken by France in her institutions, is also that of knowledge; it cannot live in the tumult of controversies, but requires a serener region.

If the promised unity is one day to be realised, if those many creeds now opposed and armed against

one another, are, as has always been predicted, to approach one another in the kingdom of the future, if one church is destined to gather together the tribes dispersed to the four winds of heaven, if the members of the human family secretly desire to blend themselves in one body, if the tunic of Christ, for which lots were drawn upon Calvary, is ever to re-appear in its integrity, I say that knowledge accomplished a good work, by entering first on the way leading to this alliance. (*Applause.*) We shall have for enemies those who love hatred and division in holy things. Never mind, we must persevere; man divides, God reunites. (*Applause.*)

Certainly the eyes of those must be shut who do not see that a new religious dawn is breaking upon the world; I am so persuaded of this, that my ideas always turn to that quarter, and I find it, so to speak, impossible to separate any department of human affairs from the influence of religion. Man for some time has been so often deceived by man, that we must not be surprised, if we find him incapable of looking with enthusiasm towards anything but God. But this admitted, who have been the first missionaries of this new Gospel? I answer; thinkers, writers, poets, philosophers. No one can deny that these are the missionaries who everywhere in France and in Germany first began to have recourse to that great groundwork of spirituality, which is the substance of all real faith. Strange to say, scarcely have they completed this precursory work, than they are anathematized! It is thought that if the human mind has raised itself towards heaven, it is for the purpose of denying and falsifying itself for ever; that the time has at length arrived to extinguish reason, and that it should be buried as quickly as possible in the God which it has at length regained. As usual, men dispute for the exclusive property and the primities of this returning God. But this religious movement is more deep, more universal than appears; every one would shut it up, circumscribe it, wall it in, within a particular precinct: but this aggrandised renewed Christ, escaped, as it were, a second time from the sepulchre, will not be so easily enslaved; he divides himself, gives himself, communicates himself to all. Religious life appears not only in Catholicism, but in Protestantism; not only in positive faith, but also, in philosophy. This movement will not be stayed in the South of Europe, I see it also fermenting in the Germanic and Slavonic races, among those who are called heretics, as well as among the orthodox. Whilst all the nations of Europe feel themselves shaken to the very centre by I know not what holy presentiments of the future, there are men who think, that all this movement is taking place, according to the designs of Providence, for the establishment of the Society of Jesus. At least, if we for a moment make this strange concession, they must allow that there is something good in their adversaries, since the generation educated by the Jesuits was that which expelled them, and the generation educated by philosophy is that which brings them back. (*Applause.*)

The history of the religious orders since the establishment of Christianity would be a singularly philosophical work. As philosophy has from time to time been reinvigorated by new schools, so religion has been raised, exalted from age to age, by new orders, affecting to possess it, and, in fact, at a given time possessing it pre-eminently. They have

each their peculiar life and virtue ; they push forward during some time the chariot of faith, until, corrupted by the worldly spirit which they oppose, and mistaking themselves for a final cause, they praise and deify themselves. Every one of these orders has its written code of laws ; in these charters of the desert appears at every line the profound instinct of the legislator : some are even as remarkable for their form as for their contents ; some are brief, laconic, like the laws of Lycurgus ; for example, those of the Anchorites : some remind us, by their flowery language, of the style of Plato ; such are those of St. Basil : some by their extraordinary splendour might compare with the most poetical flights of Dante ; they are those of the *Master* : some by the profound knowledge they display of men and of affairs, appear conceived in the true spirit of Machiavel—they are those of the Jesuits. The situation of the human mind at each of these epochs is impressed upon these documents. At the beginning, in the institutions of the Anchorites, in the rule of St. Anthony, the soul appears concerned only with herself. Far from being troubled with the desire of conversion, man, imbued still with the spirit of Paganism, studiously avoids man ; he desires no communion with his fellow. Armed against everything which surrounds him, for the single combat of the desert *, his life, night and day, consists only in contemplation and prayer. *Pray and read all day †*, says the rule. At a later period, during the middle age, silent associations succeeded the hermitage. Under the law of St. Benedict, men lived united in the same monasteries ; but this little society made no pretensions as yet to engage in contest with the great one. It lived entrenched behind its lofty walls ‡ ; it opened the door to the world if the world came to it ; but it made no advances towards the world. The power of speech was held in awe. An eternal silence closed the lips of these brothers ; for if they opened it was feared that Paganism might manifest itself. Every night these associates of the tomb slept in their cowl with their loins girded up, that they might be ready at once to answer the call of the archangel's trumpet. The spirit of the rule ordained that each hour should be piously occupied in the silent expectation of the last day. But when this epoch had passed, there was a revolution in the institutions of the orders. They desired to communicate directly with the world, which hitherto they had only perceived through the narrow grating of their monastery. The monk left the convent to bear abroad the word, the flame which he had preserved intact. Such is the spirit of the institutions of St. Francis, of St. Dominic, of the Templars, and of the orders which sprang up under the inspiration of the Crusades. The struggle was transferred from the desert to the city ; but there still remained one step to take ; this was reserved for the order which pretends to embody all those that preceded it, namely, the Society of Jesus. For all the others had a particular temperament, object, and habit ; they belonged more to one place than to another ; they preserved the character of their native country. Some indeed, by their very statutes cannot be transplanted out of a particular territory, to which they are attached like an indigenous plant.

* *Singularum pugnam eremi.* † *Legere et ora tota die.*
‡ *Munimenta claustrorum.*

The character of Jesuitism, originated in Spain, prepared in France, developed, fixed in Rome, was to assimilate to itself the cosmopolitan spirit which Italy then impressed on all its works. This is why it harmonized with the spirit of the Revival in the south of Europe. On the other hand, it separated itself from the middle age by voluntarily rejecting asceticism and maceration. In Spain it at first contemplated only the possession of the Holy Sepulchre. In Italy it became more practical ; it was not content with coveting a tomb, it coveted * also the living to make it a corpse. But by mixing and blending itself with temporal society it came to have all things in common with it, and to be incapable of teaching it anything. The world has conquered it, not it the world ; and the epitome of the whole history of the religious orders is this, that, at the beginning, in the institution of the Anchorites, man was so exclusively occupied with God that worldly things had no existence for him ; whilst at last, on the contrary, in the Society of Jesus man is so absorbed in things, that God disappears in the hubbub of worldly affairs. (*Applause.*)

Is this history of the religious orders finished ! Until the present day, the revolutions of science and society have continually called into existence, as antagonists and correctives, new orders ; the successive innovations in the spirit of these partial societies, harmonized admirably with the immutability of the Church. This is the most certain sign of vitality. Now, during the last three centuries, since the establishment of the Society of Jesus, has nothing happened to render a new foundation necessary ! Has there not been enough of change, of rashness in the operations of the intellect ! Does not the French Revolution deserve a corrective, similar to those which were applied in the middle age to every political and social commotion ! Everything has changed, every thing has been renewed in temporal society. Philosophy, I confess it, under her modest appearance, conceals too much boldness and too much pride. She believes herself victorious ! and it is against such an enemy that you oppose an effete religious order ! For my own part, were I entrusted with the mission which others have undertaken, instead of being content with restoring societies which have already committed themselves, and roused a spirit of hostility—the Dominicans, the Jesuits—I should believe that there are in the world enough of new changes, tendencies, philosophies, heresies if you will, to make it worth while to oppose to them another rule, another form, at least another name ; I should believe that this spirit of creation is the necessary testimony to the vitality of doctrine, and that a single word, pronounced by a new order, would be a thousand times more efficacious than all the eloquence in the world in the mouth of an antiquated society.

However this may be, I have said enough to show that preaching in a particular church and public instruction before men of different beliefs are not the same thing ; that to expect one to do the work of the other is to destroy both. Belief and knowledge, those two phases of the human mind, which may perhaps one day be united in one, have always been regarded as distinct. At the epoch of which we are treating they were specifically represented in his-

* There is a rule of Loyola expressed in these terms : "If authority declares that white is black, affirm that it is black."—*Spiritual Exercises*, p. 291.

tory by two men who appeared at no great distance of time one from the other; Ignatius Loyola and Christopher Columbus. Loyola by an absolute adherence to the letter of authority, in the midst of the greatest commotions, preserves, maintains the past, snatches it as it were from the tomb, to re-instate it in the world. As to Christopher Columbus, he exhibits how the future comes to pass by the union of belief and liberty in the mind of man. He possesses as well as any man the tradition of Christianity; but he interprets, he develops it; he listens to every voice, to all the religious presentiments of the rest of mankind; he believes that there may be something divine, even in the most dissenting creeds. From this conception of religion, of the truly universal church, he raises himself to a clear view of the destinies of the globe; he gathers together, he scrutinizes, the mysterious words of the Old and the New Testament; he ventures to give them a meaning, which, for a while, scandalizes infallibility; one day he gives it the lie, the next he compels it to submit; he breathes the breath of liberty into all tradition; from this liberty springs the word by which another world is born; he shatters the outward letter, he breaks the seal of the prophets; of their visions, he makes reality. This

is a tendency different from the first. These two ways will long remain open before they unite. Every one is free to choose, to advance or to retreat. For my part it is my duty to establish, to assert the right, here, publicly, to prefer to the tendency which concerns only the past, that which opens a vista into futurity, and by augmenting the bounds of creation, augments the idea of the power of God. This I hope I have done without hatred and without tergiversation; and whatever may happen, of this one thing I am certain, that I never shall repent of having done so. (*Continued applause.*)

[The question was decided this very day. Warned by the press, both the friends and the enemies of liberty of discussion gathered together, and filled two amphitheatres. During three quarters of an hour, it was impossible to speak. Many persons, even among our friends, thought it would be necessary to adjourn to another day. This I knew would be a confession of defeat, and I resolved to remain, if necessary, until night. Such also was the feeling of the greater part of the assembly. I thank the crowd of unknown friends, who, within and without, by their firmness and moderation, put an end from this day forth to all hope of disturbances.]

LECTURE THE SECOND.

ORIGIN OF JESUITISM: IGNATIUS LOYOLA: THE SPIRITUAL EXERCISES*.

I know the spirit with which this audience is animated, and I trust I have said enough for it to know me too. You know that I speak without hatred, but with a quiet determination to speak my whole mind. (*Interruption.*) An impartial observer, beholding what has lately taken place within these precincts, will willingly allow that a new fact is manifesting itself—the importance conceded by all to religious questions. It is a thing of no mean significance, to behold men pursuing such subjects with the interest (I will not say the passion) with which they formerly engaged in politics alone. It was felt that the interest of all was concerned; and one word only was required to strike out the spark which was hidden at the bottom of every heart. The questions with which we meet in our subject, are the most important that can possibly occupy us; they come in contact with the actual world only at one point, on account of their very magnitude. Let us learn, I pray you, to raise ourselves with them, and to preserve that calmness which befits the search after truth. That which is here done remains not hidden within these precincts. Far off, even beyond the limits of France, there are contemplative minds observing our doings.

There are times when men are brought up from the very cradle in a habit of silence, because they have never to expect a serious contradiction; but there are times when they are trained to the discipline of free discussion, in open day, and those times are the present. The worst service that

could be rendered to any cause, is to endeavour to stifle the examination of it by force. Success is impossible; the attempt never succeeds except in persuading even the most conciliatory minds that the cause defended is incompatible with the new order of things. Of what use are all these puerile menaces? France is not to be hissed off the stage. No man in this country can circulate his ideas without meeting somewhere with public control. The times are past when an idea, a society, an order, could insinuate, form, establish itself in secret, and then suddenly burst forth, when its roots were so deeply buried that they could no longer be extirpated. In whatever path men enter, they always find some watchful sentinel ready to give the alarm. No traps are now set; there are no ambuscades. That freedom of speech which I now employ to-day, you may employ to-morrow; it is my safeguard, but it is yours also. What would become of my adversaries if they were deprived of it? I can easily imagine a philosopher reduced to his books; but the Church without speech, who can imagine it for a moment? And yet you pretend to stifle speech in the name of the Church. Go; all I can say to you is this, that its greatest enemies could not do otherwise.

I have shown that the establishment of the Society of Jesus is the very groundwork of my subject. Let us consider this question in the most impartial manner. Do not think that I condemn entirely the sympathy which it inspires in some persons of these times. I begin by saying, that I believe firmly in their sincerity. In the midst of modern society, often uncertain and without

* Delivered May 17th, 1843.

an aim, they meet with the remains of an extraordinary establishment which, while all else has changed, has immutably preserved its unity. This spectacle astonishes them. At the sight of these still majestic ruins, they feel themselves attracted by a power which they do not estimate. I would not take my oath that this state of dilapidation does not influence them more powerfully than prosperity itself would. Perceiving all the outward forms preserved, rules, written constitutions, customs subsisting, they imagine that the Christian spirit still inhabits these images; the more so, that a single step taken in this direction leads to many others, and that the principles of the body are connected together with infinite art. Having once entered this road, they advance further and further still, seeking beneath the forms of the doctrine of Loyola, for the genius and spirit of Christianity. Now it is my duty to tell these persons, and all those who hear me, that life is to be found elsewhere, that it exists no longer in this constitution, this image void of the Spirit of God; that what has been, has been; that the perfume has escaped from the vase; that the soul of Christ is no longer in this whitened sepulchre. Even should they visit me with a hatred which they believe eternal, and which it is impossible for me to share; yet, if they come here violent, menacing, I forewarn them, I tell them to their face, I will do every thing in my power to lead them out of a road where, in my opinion, they will find nothing but hollowness and deception; and it shall not be my fault, if, having delivered them from the embraces of an egotistical rule and of a dead system, I do not lead them into an entirely contrary system, which I believe to be the living road of truth and of humanity.

In the most ordinary affairs of life people take advice; they hear both sides of the question; and yet when men are asked to submit the guidance of their thoughts, their hopes of futurity, to an order of which the primary maxim, in conformity with the genius of secret societies, is to bind you at every step, concealing that which is to follow, there are those who desire that no one shall show them the end! They are full of hatred against those who desire to point out whither this darksome road leads. Many other more persuasive voices than mine impel men towards the past. Suffer then what it would be madness to oppose; suffer in another place, another voice to point out another road, basing its conclusions, without anger, upon history and ancient documents; after which the simplicity of no one will have been taken advantage of. If you persevere, your convictions, at least, will have been submitted to the test of public contradiction; you will have acted as sincere men should act in serious matters. I oppose you openly, in good faith. I expect that you will employ similar weapons against me.

Who knows, if among those who believe themselves animated with the greatest aversion, there are not present some, even now, who in future will be grateful to him who has checked them this day from taking a step which would have committed them for ever? Men ought to know whither their steps are tending; and my first business must be to explain the mission of the order of Jesus in the contemporary world. Jesuitism is a warlike machine; it must always have an enemy to combat, otherwise its prodigious combinations would be use-

less. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries it had Protestantism for an antagonist. Not content with this adversary, the idolatrous nations of Asia and America furnished it with a splendid occupation. It glories in struggling with the powerful. In our time, what enemy has brought it to life again! Not surely the schismatic church, because, on the contrary, she recalled and saved it in Russia. Not idolatry. What then is the adversary powerful enough to awaken the dead! To exhibit this with greater clearness, I will insist only on the testimony of the Papacy itself, on the bulls condemning and restoring the order. From these documents and these dates, you yourselves shall draw the inference. The bull suppressing the institution is of the 21st July, 1773. I must quote several passages, premising beforehand that I do not intend using terms more explicit or more violent than those which the Papacy has given utterance to by the mouth of Clement XIV.

"Scarcely had the society been formed, (*suo fere ab initio*), than various germs of division and jealousy manifested themselves not only among its own members, but also between it and the other regular bodies and orders, as well as the secular clergy, the academies, the universities, the public colleges of belles lettres; and even the princes who had received it within their dominions.

"The precautions taken were far from appeasing the cries and complaints that were raised against the society. On the contrary, in nearly every quarter of the globe afflicting disputes were raised against its doctrines, (*universum pene orbem pervaserunt molestissima contentiones de societatis doctrinâ*), which many persons denounced as opposed to the orthodox faith and public morals. Dissension increased within the bosom of the society, and without, charges against it became more frequent, particularly with reference to its too great avidity for worldly goods.

"We have remarked, with the greatest sorrow, that all the remedial measures which have been resorted to have had scarcely any effect in destroying and dissipating these serious troubles, accusations, and complaints; and that many of our predecessors, as Urban VIII., Clement IX., X., XI., XII., Alexander VII. and VIII., Innocent X., XI., XII., XIII., and Benedict XIV., have laboured to bring about so desirable a result, but ineffectually. They endeavoured, nevertheless, to restore peace to the Church by publishing very salutary constitutions, by forbidding all traffic, and absolutely interdicting the use and application of maxims which the holy see had justly condemned as scandalous and manifestly harmful to morals, &c.

"In order to take the safest course in a matter of so great importance, we thought it required a long space of time, not only to enable us to make exact researches, to weigh every thing maturely, and to deliberate wisely, but also to implore, with many sighs and continual prayers, the help and support of the Father of Light.

"After having taken so many necessary measures, in the assurance that we are aided by the Holy Spirit, being besides impelled by the necessity of fulfilling our ministry, and considering that the Society of Jesus holds out no further hope of those abundant fruits and those great advantages, on account of which it was instituted, approved of, and enriched with so many privileges by our predecessors,

that it is, perhaps, impossible, whilst it exists, that the Church should be restored to true and lasting peace; persuaded, impelled by so many powerful motives, and by others, with which the laws of prudence and the good government of the universal Church supply us, but which we keep in the profound secrecy of our heart; after mature deliberation, of our certain knowledge, and in the plenitude of our apostolical power, we extinguish and suppress the said society, abolish its statutes and constitutions, even those which have been ratified with oath, by apostolical confirmation, or in any other manner."

On the 16th of May, 1774, the cardinal-ambassador in France transmitted a confirmation of the bull to the minister of foreign affairs, accompanied with a commentary which was at the same time a warning to the king and to the clergy.

"The pope has decided upon the suppression, at the foot of the altar, and in the presence of God. He believes that monks, proscribed by the most Catholic states, and strongly suspected of having entered, both of old and recently, into criminal conspiracies, having in their favour only the exterior of regularity, decried in their maxims, given up, in order to render themselves powerful and excite awe, to commerce, stock-jobbing, and politics, could only produce fruits of dissension and discord, that a reform would only palliate the evil, and that it was better to prefer before all things the peace of the universal Church and of the holy see."

"In a word, Clement XIV. believes the Society of Jesuits incompatible with the tranquillity of the Church and the Catholic states. It was the spirit of the government of this company which was dangerous; it is this spirit, then, which it is important should not be revived; and it is to this that the pope directs the serious attention of the king and the clergy of France."

My conclusion now begins to appear. Do not forget that the bull of interdiction scarcely preceded by fifteen years the breaking out of the French revolution of 1789. The precursory genius which gave to France the royalty of intelligence, governed the world even before it developed itself openly. It had passed from writers to princes, from princes to popes. Behold the concatenation of events! France is about to throw herself into the path of innovation; and the papacy, inspired by the pervading genius of the time, shatters the machine created to nip in the bud the principle of innovation. The spirit of 1789, and of the Constituent Assembly, is no other than that of the pontifical bull of 1773. What has happened since then! As long as new France remains victorious in the world, the Company of Jesus is no longer heard of. Before the freely or gloriously displayed banner of the French Revolution, this company disappears, as though it had never existed. Its fragments are hidden under other names. The Empire which, nevertheless, loved the strong, left its remains in the dust, well knowing that he who could accomplish every thing, could not raise even one stone of it without being unfaithful to his origin; and that among the decisions come to by nations, there exist some which must not be trifled with. Nevertheless, the moment has come when the Society of Jesus, crushed by the papacy, is triumphantly re-established by the papacy. What has come to pass! The bull

restoring the order is dated August 16th, 1814; does this date tell you nothing! That was the time when France besieged, trampled on, was compelled to hide her flag, to contradict in her law the principle of the Revolution, to accept just as much air, light, and life, as was vouchsafed to her. In the midst of the crusade of ancient Europe, each employed its customary arms in this incursion of the armies of every region; the papacy let loose also the resuscitated army of Loyola, in order that the mind being circumscribed in its operation as well as the body, the defeat should be complete, and that France, forced to bend the knee, should not entertain, even in the inmost recesses of her being, the thought of recovering her feet.

Such are the facts, the history, the reality, concerning which it will be found impossible to deceive the rising generation. This must be made quite clear; this is the issue to which we must come, if we once enter on this path. It does not appear, it is not pointed out at the outset, but it is the necessary goal. On the one hand the French Revolution, with the development of religious and social life; on the other hand, concealed no one knows where, its natural antagonist, the Order of Jesus, with its unshaken connexion with the past. It is between these things we have to choose.

Let no one think that they can be conciliated. It is impossible. The mission of Jesuitism in the sixteenth century was to destroy the Reformation; the mission of Jesuitism in the nineteenth century is to destroy the Revolution, which supports, includes, envelopes, and goes beyond the Reformation. (*Applause.*) This, it must be confessed, is an important mission. The matter in question is not the University; it is not a mere college dispute. Something higher is aimed at. The object now, as formerly, is to enervate the principle of life, noiselessly to dry up the future in its source. That is the whole question. It is now stated for our solution. But it is destined to develop itself elsewhere, to awaken those who are wrapped in the profoundest slumber, feigned or real; for it is probably not without reason that we have been so irresistibly compelled to unmask it here.

I now, without any circumlocution, carry my examination into the heart of the doctrine, which I shall first study historically, impartially, in its author, Ignatius Loyola. You are well acquainted with that life, over which chivalry, enthusiasm, and cool calculation, by turns held sway. Nevertheless, we must examine the first beginnings, and see how so much asceticism was able to agree with so much policy, the indulgence in visions with the aptitude for business. Placed at the confines of two epochs, do not be astonished that this man was so powerful, that he is so still, that he stamps his conquest with an indestructible seal. He exercised, at the same time, the power which sprang from the ecstasy of the twelfth century, and the authority based on the consummate experience of the modern world: he shared in the spirit of St. Francis of Assisi, and of Machiavel. In whatever way we regard him, he is one of those who lay siege to the human mind from the most opposite extremities.

In a castle in Biscay, a young man, of an ancient family, receives, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, the military education of a Spanish noble. Whilst learning the sword exercise, he reads,

by way of recreation, the exploits of Amadis ; this is the whole of his acquirements. He becomes page to Ferdinand, then captain of a company ; handsome, brave, worldly, greedy after excitement and battles. At the siege of Pampeluna by the French he retires into the citadel ; he defends it with desperate courage. In the breach his right leg is broken by a Biscayan. He is carried on a litter to a neighbouring castle, that of his father. After a painful operation, submitted to with heroic fortitude, he asks, to distract his thoughts, for his books of chivalry. In that old plundered castle were found only the lives of Jesus Christ and the saints. He reads them ; his heart, his thoughts, his whole mind become lighted up with a sudden revelation. In a short time this young man, so engrossed by worldly passions, becomes animated by a sort of divine madness ; the page is soon transformed into an ascetic, a hermit, a flagellant. Such were the beginnings of Ignatius Loyola.

What was the first thought which fired the mind of this man of action ? The project of a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. While reading the lives of the holy Fathers, he draws, paints roughly, the scenes and figures to which they refer. Soon the idea of treading that sacred ground engrosses him. He believes he sees, nay he sees the Virgin beckoning to him ; he sets out. As his wound is not quite cured, he mounts on horseback, carrying at the pommel of his saddle his girdle, his gourd, his cord sandals, his staff—all the insignia of the pilgrim. On his road he meets a Moor, with whom he discusses the mystery of the Virgin. A violent temptation seizes him to put the unbeliever to death ; he abandons the reins to the instinct of his horse. If he is brought back into the company of the man, he will kill him ; if not, he will forget him. Thus he begins at once to place his conscience at the mercy of chance. At some distance he dismisses his servants, puts on the haircloth shirt, and continues his journey with bare feet. At Manreza he enters the hospital ; he performs the vigil of arms before the altar of the Virgin, and suspends his sword on the pillar of the chapel. He redoubles his macerations ; he girds his loins with a chain of iron, his bread is mixed with ashes, and the Spanish noble begs his bread from door to door in the streets of Manreza. But even this does not satisfy this heart devoured with asceticism. Loyola retires into a cavern, whither the light of day never reaches, except through a fissure in the walls ; there he passes whole days, even whole weeks, without tasting food ; he is found stretched in a swoon on the brink of a torrent. In spite of all these penances, his mind is still troubled, he is assailed, not by doubt but by scruple ; he subtilizes with himself : the same internal combat which Luther braved when about to change every thing, Loyola sustained in the attempt to preserve every thing. Even the idea of suicide pursues him ; in this internal warfare he groans, he cries, he rolls himself upon the earth. But his was a soul not to be overcome by the first assault ; Ignatius raises his head ; the vision of the Trinity, of the Virgin calling him towards her Son, saves him from despair. In the cavern of Manreza he becomes conscious of the power which is in him : he knows not yet what he is to do ; but this he knows, that he is to do something.

A little merchant-vessel gives him, through charity, a passage to Gaeta ; he is now on the road to the Holy Land. In Italy, breathless and a beggar, he glances over Rome, and then drags himself towards Venice. "Tis too late," cries a voice ; "the vessel of the pilgrims has departed." "Never mind," replies Loyola ; "if vessels are wanting, I will cross the sea on a plank." With such a determined will, it was not difficult to reach Jerusalem ; he arrives there, still with bare feet, on the 4th of September, 1523. Stripped of every thing, he strips himself further to purchase of the Saracens the right to behold and re-behold the holy sepulchre. But just as he attains the goal of his desires, he perceives another and more distant good. Hitherto he had desired only to touch these stones ; now that he has touched them, he looks beyond. Above the holy sepulchre Christ appears to him in the heavens, and beckons him to approach nearer. To call, to convert the nations of the East is the fixed idea which possesses him. Henceforth he has a positive mission ; and from the moment when his imagination attained the desired end, another man is created within Loyola. His imagination calms ; a vast sphere of reflection opens ; the zeal for souls becomes more intense than the love of the Cross *. The ascetic, the hermit is transformed, the politician commences.

At the sight of this deserted sepulchre, he understands that the calculations of reason only can bring back the world to it. In this new crusade it is not the sword, but the mind that must work the miracle. It is a fine sight to behold this last of the crusaders proclaiming, in view of Calvary, that arms alone can work nothing in bringing back men to belief ; from that day forth his plan is made, his system prepared, his determination fixed. He is ignorant of all things, scarcely knowing how to read or write. In a few years he determines to know all that the learned can teach. And, behold, in truth, the soldier, the amputated invalid, abandoning his imaginary projects and the delights of asceticism, to take his place in the midst of children in the elementary schools of Barcelona and of Salamanca. The knight of the court of Ferdinand, the anchorite of the rocks of Manreza, the free pilgrim of Mount Tabor, abases his apocalyptic spirit to grammar ! What does he, this man to whom the heavens are open ? He learns conjugations, he spells Latin. This prodigious self-government, in the midst of divine illuminations, already marks a new epoch.

Nevertheless, the man of the desert re-appears in the pupil. He raises, they say, the dead ; he exorcises spirits. He has not become so much of a child but that the saint appears at intervals. Besides, he professes a strange kind of theology, which nobody until then had taught, and which begins to scandalize the Inquisition. He is cast into prison, and is liberated only on condition that he does not open his mouth again until he has studied four years in a regular school of theology.

This sentence determines him to go whither knowledge called him—to the University of Paris. Is it not time that the idea which has been so long ripening, should manifest itself ? Loyola is nearly thirty-five years old ; why does he yet wait ? This strange scholar has for chamber companions, in

* Père Bouhours's Life of St. Ignatius, p. 122.

the college of St. Barbe, two young men, Pierre Le Fèvre, and François Xavier. The one is a shepherd of the Alps, ready to receive the impression of any powerful word; Loyola, in his case, is reserved; he does not reveal his project until after three years of caution and calculation. The other is a gentleman, overweening alike from youth and from birth. Loyola praises, flatters him; he becomes again, for his sake, the noble of Biscay.

Moreover, in order to subjugate minds, he possesses a more certain means—the book of *Spiritual Exercises*, a work which contains his whole secret, and which he had sketched in the hermitages of Spain. Prepared by his conversation, none of his friends escaped the influence of this strange production, which they called the *Mysterious Book*. Already two disciples had taken this bait; they belonged to him for ever. Others of the same age join the first; in their turn they felt the fascination. These were Jago Laynez, who afterwards was general of the order; Alphonso Salmeron; Rodriguez D'Azevedo,—all Spaniards or Portuguese.

One day these young men assemble together on the heights of Montmartre, under the eye of the master. In sight of the vast city, they make a vow to go together to the Holy Land, or to place themselves at the disposal of the pope. Two years afterwards, these same men arrive at Venice by different roads, each with a stick in their hands, a sack on their back, the *Mysterious Book* in their wallet. Whither are they going? They do not know. They have entered into alliance with a spirit which has subjugated them by its logical power. Loyola reaches the rendezvous by a different road. They believed they were about to be embarked for the solitudes of Judea. Loyola points out to them, instead of those solitudes, the field of combat—Luther, Calvin, the Anglican Church, Henry VIII., attacking the Papacy. With one word he sends François Xavier to the uttermost ends of the eastern world. He keeps his other eight disciples with him to oppose to Germany, to England, to the half of France and of Europe, which had all been shaken. At the bidding of the master, these eight men advance with eyes shut, without counting or estimating the power of their adversaries. The Company of Jesus is formed; the captain of the citadel of Pampeluna leads it to the combat. Amidst the struggles of the sixteenth century, a legion emerges from the dust of the roads. This beginning is grand, powerful, impressive; the seal of genius is there. I should be the last person to deny it.

If such was the origin of the Society of Jesus, let us have recourse to the works which became its soul, and contain what Tacitus calls the secrets of empire—*arcana imperii*. Jesuitism has been studied in its developments; but no one, that I know of, has exhibited it in its primitive ideal. The book of *Spiritual Exercises* cast, one after the other, all the first founders of the order in the same mould. Whence did it derive this extraordinary character? That is what we must examine. We here approach the source of the spirit of the Company.

After having passed through all the conditions of ecstasy, enthusiasm, and sanctity, Loyola, with a spirit of order, of which I cannot describe the immensity, undertook to reduce into a system, all the experiments which he had made upon himself,

even in the fervour of his visions. He applied the method of the modern mind, of physical philosophy, to that which is beyond all human method—to the enthusiasm of things divine. In one word he composed a physiology, a manual, or rather the formula * of ecstasy and sanctity.

Do you know what it is that distinguishes him from all the ascetics of the past? It is that he was able, coldly, logically, to observe himself, to analyze himself in that state of rapture, which in the case of others excludes the very idea of reflection. Imposing on his disciples as operations, acts which with him were spontaneous, he was enabled in thirty days to bow down, by this means, both will and reason, pretty nearly as a horseman breaks his courser. He only wanted thirty days—*triginta dies*—to subdue a soul. Observe, in fact, that Jesuitism developed itself at the same time with the modern Inquisition. Whilst this dislocated the body, the *Spiritual Exercises* dislocated the mind under the machinery of Loyola.

To arrive at the state of sanctity, we find in this book rules such as the following: *Firstly*, trace on a piece of paper lines of different lengths, answering to the greatness of the various sins. *Secondly*, shut yourself up in a room, of which the windows are half-closed (*januis ac fenestris clausis tantisper*); now prostrate† yourself with your face upon the ground; now lay yourself on your back, raise yourself, sit down, &c. *Fifthly*, give vent to exclamations (*quintum, in exclamacionem prorumpere*). *Sixthly*, in the contemplation of hell, which contains two preludes, five points, and one colloquy, behold in spirit vast conflagrations; monsters and souls plunged in flaming crucibles; imagine you hear complaints, vociferations; imagine also a putrid odour of smoke, of sulphur, and cadaverous cloacæ; taste of the bitterest things, such as tears, gall, and the worm of the conscience‡. But it is not visions only that are thus imposed. You would scarcely suppose it, but even the sighs are set down; the aspirations and the respirations are marked; the pauses, the intervals of silence, are written down beforehand, as in a music-book. You will not believe me; I must quote: "The third manner of praying, is by measuring, after a certain fashion, the words and the times of silence.§" This means consists in omitting some word between each breath, each respiration. And a little further on,—“Take care that there be equal intervals between the respirations, the sobs, and the words.” (*Et paria anhelitum ac vocum intervalla observet.*) All this means that the man, whether inspired or not, is to become a machine for sighing and sobbing, which is bound to sigh, weep, exclaim, sob, at a particular moment, and exactly in the order which experience teaches to be most useful.

Education having been thus begun, how is the

* *Servatis ubique hisdem formulis. — Exercit. Spirit. p. 180.*

† Nunc prostratus humi, et pronus aut supinus, nunc sedens, aut stans, &c. p. 86.

‡ Punctum primum est, spectare per imaginationem vasta infernorum incendia. . . . Tertium imaginari etiam offensu fumum, sulphur, et sentine ejusdam seu fecis atque putredinis graveolentiam persentire. Quartum, gustare similiter res amarissimas, ut lacrymas, rancorem, conscientieque vermem, &c. — *Exercit. Spirit. p. 80, 82, 83.*

§ Tertius orandi modus per quendam cum temporum commensurationem. — *Exercit. Spirit. p. 200.*

Christian automaton completed? By what steps does he raise himself to the dogmas, the mysteries of the Gospel? You shall see. If a mystery is in question, the prelude (preludium) to every other operation is to represent a certain material place, with all its dependencies. For instance, is the Virgin in question? Figure to yourself a little house (*domuncula*). Is the Nativity? A grotto, a cavern, arranged in a comfortable or uncomfortable manner. Is the preaching of the Gospel? A road with its windings more or less steep. Is it the bloody sweat? You must imagine, in the first place, a garden of a certain length (*certa magnitudine, figurâ, et habitudine*), measure the length, width, and contents. Is it the kingdom of Christ? Represent certain villas and fortresses (*villas et oppida*). After which, to begin with, imagine a human king* among his people; address that king, converse with him, gradually substitute the figure of Christ, put yourself in the place of the people, and enter thus into the true kingdom.

Such is the way to raise yourself to the mysteries. Behold the consequence! Does it not show a want of confidence in the human mind which overthrows the very nature of Christianity, always to set out from the material impression? Is it not to enter by stealth into the spiritual kingdom? And so many minute precautions, put in the place of the sudden rapture of the mind, will they not necessarily degenerate with the disciples into deceptions to disconcert the prince of deception? What! God is there kneeling, weeping in the bloody sweat, and instead of being immediately carried beyond yourself at the very thought, you waste your time in showing me an inclosure, in pitifully measuring its surface, in methodically tracing the plan of the paths (*viam planam aut arduam*)! You are at the foot of Tabor, at the inexpressible moment of transfiguration, and you study the form of the mountain, its height, its breadth, its vegetation? Great God! is this the Christianity of the Apostles? Is this the Christianity of the Fathers of the Church? No! for it is not that of Jesus Christ himself.

We see nothing in the Gospel of this premeditation, and these theatrical effects. There the doctrine alone speaks, not things. The Gospel repeats the word, and surrounding objects are illuminated. Loyola does just the contrary. As he himself well expresses it†, it is by the help of the

* Punctum primum esto proponere mihi ob oculos humanum regem.—*Exercit. Spirit.* p. 97.

† Admotis sensuum officiis, *Exercit. Spirit.*—Deinde repetitiones et usus sensuum velut prius, p. 167.

senses, and of material objects, that he wishes to reach the spirit. He employs the sensations as a trap to catch souls, scattering thus the seed of those ambiguous doctrines, which grew afterwards so abundantly. Instead of at once exhibiting God, he conducts man to God by a roundabout path. Is that, I again ask, the straight road of the Gospel?

All this is connected with a still more radical difference between the Christianity of Jesus Christ and the Christianity of Loyola. This difference I perceive and will explain.

In the spirit of the Gospel, the Master gives himself to all, fully, without reserve, without drawback. Each disciple becomes, in his turn, a focus which scatters life, develops it around him, and the movement never halts in tradition. Loyola, on the contrary, with a feeling which will never be fully fathomed, communicates to his disciples the least part of himself, the exterior or bark of his thoughts. He had understood and felt what enthusiasm was in his youth. But as soon as he aimed at organizing a power, he no longer grants to any one this principle of liberty and life; he keeps the flame and lends the ashes. He had raised himself on the wings of ecstasy to divine raptures, he submits all others to the yoke of method. To be more certain of reigning alone without successors, he begins by depriving them of whatever constituted his greatness; and as he demanded for his God not merely a filial awe, but a servile terror, *timor servilis*, he leaves no issue open by which man could raise his head. Christianity made apostles; Jesuitism makes instruments, not disciples.

Let us turn our eyes in another direction; and if, as I have always thought, the mind left too much to itself is in want of nourishment, if the religious sentiment is being breathed again into the world, if the new star is rising, let us not remain behind, but let us advance first to meet the God who is re-awakened in every heart. Let others, if they will, bind themselves to the letter, we must hasten towards the Spirit; the enthusiasm which alone creates, renews societies, is not dead in France, though it may have cooled. Let not the new generation, which contains the promise of the future, dissipate its strength in too great attention to minute points, but aspire to continue the tradition of life; and let us all unite to show that religion is not exclusively confined to the priest, or the truth to the pulpit.

LECTURE THE THIRD*.

THE RULES OF THE SOCIETY.—CHRISTIAN PHARISAISM.

THANKS to you, freedom of discussion will not be stifled; here, as every where else, right will overcome might. At the first tidings of the fact that the right of examination was openly menaced, doubts existed upon so strange a matter; when the fact was established, conflicting opinions instantly

* Delivered May 24th.

came to a truce; you pressed around us; and by that irresistible power which springs from general conviction, you have given to our words the only support that we can desire. Whatever may be the difference of our opinions upon other subjects, we are now bound up in the same cause. We could not retreat; you could not forsake us: that

is what you all felt. I thank you in the name of the right and of the freedom of all ; we have, one and all, I think, done what we ought to have done.

Do not, however, imagine that I have in future nothing of more consequence to do than to embitter my subject. My design is wholly different. I desire to-day exactly what I desired a month ago : to examine philosophically and impartially the Society of Jesus—a subject with which I fall in without being able to avoid it. I add, that I consider it a duty to study it ; not in the works of its adversaries, not even in the writings of individual members, but only in the documents which are acknowledged to have given life to it.

You cannot fail of being struck with the rapidity with which this society has fallen to decay. Where shall we find any thing similar in any other order ! The public voice was raised against it from its cradle. The bull constituting it is dated 1540 : and, by 1555, the society was expelled from a great part of Spain, from the Netherlands and Portugal in 1578, from all France in 1594, from Venice in 1606, from the kingdom of Naples in 1622 ; I am speaking only of the Catholic states. This reprobation shows, at least, how precocious the evil was. Pascal, whilst attacking the casuists contemporary with his age, was silent upon the origin of the society ; the great name of Loyola turned aside his weapon. In the impeachment of the eighteenth century, the Jesuitism of the eighteenth century was, above all, brought forward. What remains to be done is, by examining the very roots of the matter, to establish the fact that this sudden decay was inevitable, since the germ of it was contained in its first principle, and that, in one word, it was impossible that Jesuitism should not degenerate, since by its very nature it is nothing but a corruption of Christianity.

I have, I trust, impartially exhibited the ascetic in Ignatius Loyola. Let us now examine him as a politician. His greatest art consists in vanishing just at the very moment when he is about to attain his object. When his little society was assembled at Venice, and it was necessary to take the last step,—the journey to Rome, to ask the sanction of the pope—he took good care not to appear in person. He sent instead his disciples, simple men, obedient to any yoke. For his own part, he concealed himself, lest when he appeared, the stamp of authority should appear too visibly on his brow. The pope, in accepting the disciples, imagined that he had acquired fresh instruments ; he knew not that he had given himself a master.

In this feature, Loyola's character resembles that of Octavius. The object of his whole life being almost attained, in order to be more secure of it, he began by repelling it further from him. Just as the society, called into existence by him, is about to name its leader, Loyola draws back ; he feels himself to be too insignificant, too unworthy of the burden ; he cannot accept the post. He will willingly be numbered among the last, unless his friends compel him to be the first. After several years, when he imagined that the absolute authority which he had procured to be forced upon him, required to be modified, he made as if he would abdicate ; he, the master of popes, the sovereign of that company, which he could put in motion from one end of the earth to the other, by a single look, he threatened that he

would leave his villa at Tivoli, and become once again the anchorite of Manreza. His hands were too feeble, his mind too timid, to suffice for the task ; it was necessary that from all parts of the world the members of the society should beseech him to remain at their head. And yet his was no gentle or easy yoke. His disciples, even the great François Xavier, wrote to him upon their knees : for having dared to suggest a mere formal objection, Laynez, the soul of the council of Trent, destined to be his successor, trembled at a word from the master ; he asked as a punishment to be dismissed from the spiritual direction of the council, and to spend the remainder of his life in teaching little children to read. Such was the power exerted by Loyola. He was, besides, careful to deny their orthodoxy as soon as it displeased the powerful, as in the affair of the Interim.

More and more attached to trifling rules, he condemned in Bobadilla, in Rodriguez, that reverence for those greater ones which, at one time, constituted his life. He who, in his youth, had been imprisoned as an innovator, constantly exclaimed, that were he to live a thousand years, he would never cease to protest against the innovations that were being introduced into theology, philosophy, and grammar. He excelled in diplomacy to such a degree, as to leave nothing for his successors to invent. His master-stroke in this respect was the conciliating of his absolute power with that of the papacy. The pope wished, in spite of him, to make Borgia, one of his disciples, a cardinal. Loyola determined that the pope should offer, and Borgia should refuse, indulging thus in the pride of a refusal, and in the ostentation of humility. At length, after having witnessed the accomplishment of all his projects, the society recognized, the *Spiritual Exercises* acknowledged, the Constitution promulgated, he drew near the last hour and dictated his last thought. What was it ! " Write ; I desire that the company should know my last thoughts on the virtue of obedience." And these last revelations were those fearful words already quoted, and which contain his whole theory,—that man should become as a corpse, *ut cadaver*, without motion, without will ; that he should be like the staff of an old man, *senis baculus*, which is taken up and thrown aside at will.

These were not then figures of speech, accidentally lighted upon in the Constitution ; it was by these words, well-weighed and reiterated, that he closed his career—the most cherished secret of his soul which he recurred to in his last moments. We wish we could deceive ourselves on this point ; but we cannot. This it must be acknowledged is a wholly new system of Christianity ; for the miracles of Christ were performed for the purpose of calling the dead to life ; the miracles of Loyola were performed to draw the living towards death. The first and the last words of Christ were life. The first and last words of Loyola were a corpse. Christ caused Lazarus to come forth from the sepulchre ; Loyola sought to make of every man a Lazarus in the tomb. Once more, I ask, what point of resemblance is there between Christ and Loyola !

I know that some candid persons have not been able to prevent themselves from feeling surprised at the nature of the *Spiritual Exercises*, and the undeniable quotations which I have thought it

necessary to make. They escape from the dilemma by imagining that it is no doubt a code, a law which has fallen into disuse, and that it now goes for nought in the Society of Jesus. I cannot leave them even this resource. No; the book of *Spiritual Exercises* is not out of use. On the contrary, it is the basis, not only of the authority of Loyola, but of the education of the whole society; whence arises the necessity either of accepting it as a whole, or, in throwing it aside, of throwing aside also the company of which it is the vital principle. There is no middle course, for, according to the company, it is a work inspired from above; the mother of God dictated it, *dictante Mariâ*. Loyola only transcribed it under the influence of a divine inspiration.

I do not wish it to be thought that in the examination of this work I have maliciously chosen the most surprising portions, and those most likely to embarrass my antagonists. I have extracted only the chief points; there are, besides, some ridiculous ones which contain the principle of those maxims and subterfuges which Pascal attacked. Would it be believed, for instance, that Loyola, that man so serious in his asceticism, could be brought by his own system to play at, to feign maceration? What! sport with that which should be most spontaneous, with the sacred flagellations of Madeleine and of Francis of Assisi! Yes, whatever may be the consequence, in order to pass in review the whole system, I must quote the words of the fundamental book, the *Spiritual Exercises*; and do not smile, I beseech you; for I can imagine nothing more sad than such fallings off. The whole thought is here expressed:—"Let us principally make use in flagellation," says Loyola, "of small cords which wound the skin, by grazing the outside without reaching the inner portion, in order that the health may not suffer*."

What! from the beginning, in the ideal rules, before degeneration takes place, coldly to mimic the marks and wounds of the anchorites and fathers of the desert, who condemned upon their suffering backs the rebellion of the old man! Martyrdom is imposed upon saints alone: I know it well! but to act martyrdom, to sham fortitude, to simulate such a thing was possible. Who would believe that sanctity, who would ever have conceived that such a thing was written, commanded, ordained in the law! In this first deception do you not see the birth of the dreadful punishment and the truthful scourge of the Provincial Letters?

We are now in the very heart of the doctrine. Let us continue in this path. The book of *Spiritual Exercises* is the trap perpetually set by the society; but how are souls to be drawn towards it? Once drawn, how can they be fixed, how communicate to them, little by little, the desire of fixing on this bait, of engaging in these gymnastics! how can they be yoked by degrees without their suspecting it? That is a new secret, disclosed in another work almost as extraordinary as the first; I speak of the *Directorium*. A few years subsequent to the formation of the society, the principal members communicated with one another for the purpose of relating their personal experiences of the application of Loyola's method. The chief of the order, Aquaviva, a man of consummate policy,

* Quare flagellis potissimum utemur ex funiculis minutis, quæ exteriores affligunt partes, non autem adeo interiores, ut valetudinem adversam causare possint.

took pen in hand; and from him sprang that second work, equally fundamental, and which stands in the same relation to the first, as practice does to theory. You have seen the principle; here are the tactics brought into action. To attract any one toward the society, you must be careful not to act abruptly, *ex abrupto*; a proper occasion must be sought; for instance, when the person is suffering from external misfortunes, or from failure in some mercantile undertaking*. An excellent auxiliary may be found *even in vices*†.

In the beginning, care must be taken to avoid proposing as examples those who, having taken the first step, have been induced to enter the order; or at least that is a thing on which one should be silent to the last‡. If persons of any importance or of noble families§ are concerned, you must beware of giving them the *Exercises complete*. In every case it is much better that the teacher should visit the pupils, because the thing is then more easily kept secret||. But why should so many secrets exist in what relates to God?

In the generality of cases the first thing to be done is to consign the person destined to the Exercises to the solitude of a cell. . . There, deprived of the sight of man, and, above all, of his friends¶, he should be visited only by his teacher, and by a morose attendant, who will open his lips only on matters connected with his employment. In this strict solitude, the book of *Spiritual Exercises* should be placed in his hands, and then he should be left alone. Every day, the teacher (*instructor*) should visit him for a moment to question him, to excite him, and to urge him forward past recalc in this path. At last, when this soul is thus removed out of its element, and shattered, and has cast itself willingly into the mould of Loyola, when it experiences the irresistible embrace, when it is sufficiently shaken, and, to speak in the words of the *Directorium*, it is choked as it were in the agony**, admire the triumph of this holy diplomacy! The part played by the teacher suddenly changes: before, he pressed, he excited, he inflamed; now that all is accomplished, a studied indifference must be maintained. No, nothing more profound, I should say more infernal, has been discovered than the patience, the slowness, the coldness shown at the moment when the soul belongs no longer to itself. "It is proper," says the *Directorium*, "to allow the soul to breathe a little††." "When it has taken breath‡‡ to a certain degree," is the favourable moment, for it must not be "continually tortured§§." That is to say, when the agonized soul has entirely given itself up, you coldly leave it the choice|||; it is necessary that in

* Ut si non bene ei succedant negotia.—*Directorium*, p. 16.

† Etiam optima est commoditas in ipsis vitis.—*Ib.* p. 17.

‡ Certè hoc postremum tacendum.—*Ib.* p. 18.

§ Et quidam aliquando nobiles.—*Ib.* p. 67.

|| Quia sic facilius res celatur.—*Ib.* p. 75. It is important that the whole should take place in the country, in *aliquod prædium*, p. 77.

¶ Maxime familiarium.—*Ib.* p. 39.

• In illâ quasi agoniâ suffocatur.—*Ib.* p. 223.

†† Sinendus est aliquando respirare.—*Ib.* p. 215.

‡‡ Cum deinde quodammodo respirat.—*Ib.* p. 223.

§§ Non semper affligatur.—*Ib.* p. 216.

|| Electionem. A good instructor should know how to encourage and even slightly excite doubt. Eum relinquat aliquantum dubium et incertum.—*Ib.* p. 182.

that brief interval of rest, it should merely preserve enough of life to imagine itself free to alienate itself for ever. Let it return if it will into the world, let it enter another order if that pleases it better; the doors are open, now that it is hampered by the thousand ties which the teacher has drawn around it; the wonder is, that it should be pretended that that exhausted heart should be able to exert one moment of free will, so as to plunge itself into everlasting slavery. Recollect all the Machiavellian combinations with which your memory is stored, and tell me if you discover any thing which surpasses the tactics of this order in its private contests with the soul.

The individual is subdued: it now remains to learn what he becomes in the bosom of the society; and this leads us to a hasty consideration of the spirit of the *Constitutions**. One characteristic of Loyola's genius was, that he began by closing against his disciples the avenues to ecclesiastical benefices; by that single word he established a church within the Church. By interdicting to his disciples all hopes beyond the company, he knew that he should fill them with unbounded ambition to enlarge the authority of the order. All being walled up in the Institution of Jesus, it became necessary that each should labour with extraordinary energy, to exalt, adorn, and glorify his prison; none can become either bishop, cardinal, or pope; all will have their share in the immortality of the order. But, how singular is that immortality! In the *Spiritual Exercises* the traces at least of the past enthusiasm appear. In the *Constitutions* all is cold, frozen like the vaults of those catacombs in which are symmetrically arranged vast piles of bones. All this is very ingeniously contrived; the edifices which the sun of life lights up are imitated, but, unhappily, they are constructed with the remains of the dead; and a society thus established may exist a long time, without being worn out, for the great principle of life has been withheld from the very beginning.

Loyola, before proclaiming any one of his rules, solemnly placed it for eight days upon the altar; whether it related to the principle of his law, or merely to a school regulation, to the care of the infirm, to the porter, the keeper of the wardrobe, or the mysteries of the conscience,—he bestowed on all these things the same sacred authority, abasing the great to exalt the little. In his legislation you may discover the same mistrust of the reason, as you do in his ascetic books. Among all the founders of Christian institutions, I first observe the Christian, the man himself, the creature of God; in the law of Loyola, I behold nothing but provincial fathers, rectors, examiners, consultants and admonitors, procurators, prefect of spiritual things, prefect of the health,—a prefect of the library, prefect of the refectory, watchman, steward, &c. Each of these functionaries obeys a particular law, clearly and positively laid down; it is impossible that each should not be perfectly aware of the duties belonging to every hour of the day. Is this all? Yes, if a temporal, external association is concerned; almost nothing, if a really Christian society is concerned. I see, in fact, that the duties are admirably distributed, that each functionary has his distinct task: but show me beneath all this, a Christian spirit; in the midst of so many duties, so many denominations, so many

* *Regulæ Societatis: The Rules of the Order.*

worldly occupations, man escapes my view, the Christian vanishes.

Moral, spiritual life is kept out of sight in this law; examine it in all good faith, without prejudice, and ask yourselves, if you will, at each page, if the word of God constitutes the basis of this scaffolding; in order that this should be, the name of God should, at least be uttered; and I affirm that that is the name which most rarely appears. The experience of a man of business, a complicated machinery, a wise arrangement of persons and things, the anticipated regularity of a code of procedure, take the place of the prayers, the exaltations which constitute the substance of other rules. The founder confides greatly in industrial combinations, very little in the resources of the soul; and in this rule of the Society of Jesus all is found except faith in the Gospel and name of Jesus Christ.

This is the most important characteristic of this legislation. For the first time, the saints confide no longer in the spiritual power of Christ; in order to re-establish his dominion, they make a direct appeal to calculations, borrowed from the policy of cabinets. The spirit of Charles V. and Philip II. are substituted for the spirit of the Gospel.

From this seal of mistrust, profoundly imprinted upon the spiritual work of Loyola, you necessarily behold the whole form of his institution spring. In the first place, since it is the mind itself that is suspected, it follows that all the members of the community, instead of feeling themselves united in a calm, brotherly manner in the faith, like the early Christians, regard one another as so many unbelievers; from which it results that, in the very first page, instead of the prayer, which forms the introduction and basis of other rules, the practice of informing is recommended as the foundation of Loyola's constitution*. To denounce one another, are almost the first words of the rule, constitute the first concessions to the logical spirit. The soldiery of Loyola is no longer composed of such as are inspired by enthusiasm to battle openly in the light of day; by its very origin, it will be no longer the Theban legion, but the organized police of Catholicism. Secondly, in accordance with the same principle, if the soul is no longer the prime mover of all, it is nothing but a suspicious object, whence arises the necessity of weighing it down beneath a cadaverous yoke of obedience, not intelligent but blind—*obedientia cæca*. This is why submission in other orders is nothing in comparison to this voluntary death of the conscience. However much other societies may distinguish themselves by the practice of other virtues, that of the Company of Jesus consists pre-eminently in self-abnegation. Among the Trappists, man is enabled to preserve an internal refuge in his own silence and martyrdom; among the Jesuits, the soul, in spite of itself, is compelled to take itself by surprise, to escape from itself, and to narrow itself by application to external employments.

Another consequence which is comprehended within the two first, is the systematic necessity imposed of repressing all great instincts, and of developing the smaller ones. It has been remarked, that the Society of Jesus, so fruitful in able men, has never produced any great man, except Loyola.

* *Manifestare esse invicem . . . quæcumque per quemvis manifestantur.—Regul. Societ. p. 2.*

This is the unanswerable reason; the Castilian pride of Loyola impressed him with the notion that his disciples would be incapable of bearing up, like him, under the trials of spiritual warfare and enthusiasm, whence he stifled in his followers the heroic ecstasies which constituted his own power. I will not pause to consider whether this pride of the Spanish saint is consistent with the Gospel. I only remark, that in withholding from his followers the inconvenience of enthusiasm and divine fortitude, he prevented any one of them from rising to his own height; and I warn you that to conform to his law, is nothing else than to make a vow of mediocrity. Only imagine a great poet, Dante, for instance, desirous of forming a school, and fortifying his disciples against the dangers of sensibility, of imagination, of poetical passions,—he would act precisely as Ignatius Loyola did. In other orders, we behold men equal the founders; their life increases from generation to generation. The Dominican St. Thomas was greater than St. Dominick; but who ever heard in the Society of Jesus of a man who equalled or surpassed the founder? This, from the very nature of things, is impossible.

Add this last consideration, which comprehends the preceding ones, that the Order of Jesus represents exactly in its development the personal history of Ignatius Loyola. In the first place, the early disciples, the St. Francis Xaviers, the Borgias, the Rodriguez, the Bobadillas, are filled with the fire which the master acquired in the solitude of the grotto of Manreza; an enthusiastic genius leads them on. By the second generation, all is changed; the icy policy of Loyola in its maturity is bequeathed to the Aquavivas and his successors. To speak more justly, it is the soul of Loyola which seems to grow cold, to congeal more and more in the veins of the Society of Jesus. The society imitates its author during three centuries; and the expiring order of the present day imitates him still, re-produces him, even in death; like him it raises itself to a sitting posture when it was thought lost; and, in the midst of its agony, the word to which it gives utterance is still the last word of Loyola,—dominion, blind obedience, *obediencia cæca*. Let humanity bend like a staff in the hand of an old man—*ut senis baculus*! This was the bequest of the founder—it is the last wish of the society.

By following the same series of ideas, it will not be difficult for me to show how, from the same negative principle, the same want of faith in the Spirit, sprung the *Theory of Cases of Conscience*, which, with many persons, constitutes the distinctive characteristic of Jesuitism. The principle of Loyola was necessarily calculated to produce and develop the application of legal formulæ to the conscience. In fact, from the moment when the soul is mistrusted, when the cry of conscience is disregarded, all must be written. The written word takes the place of the internal word, the rules of doctors necessarily replace the word and the light created for the purpose of enlightening every man that enters the world. The less a society has of vitality, the more it possesses of ordinances, decrees, and laws, which contradict and clash one against the other. Apply this to religious life, and see into what a labyrinth you enter! As the soul no longer possesses the right of deciding every

thing by one of those sovereign words, which are written by God Himself, and which proceed from the very innermost being of man, these rules entail other rules, these decisions other decisions; and it is impossible that beneath this scaffolding of contradiction the moral instinct should not be overwhelmed. By an inconceivable contradiction, which is only the consequence of its principle, it is no longer the religious law, which, by the simplicity of its nature, governs the civil law. It is, on the contrary, the religious law which miserably, shamefully, comes to imitate,—what? the laws of civil procedure, the subtleties of courts of law. It is the divine law, which, overthrown and degraded from its sublime unity, comes to conform itself to the method and humiliation of the scholastic tribunals.

Has not religion fallen enough? Instead of the priest, I behold the special pleader at the tribunal of God.—Well! it must fall still lower; for in this path there is no pause. The jurisprudence of the scholastic system was at least corrected by a basis of equity, which prevented the judge from voluntarily involving himself in absurdity; the priest, by consenting to follow the procedure of the middle age, condemned himself to descend infinitely lower. No longer confiding to the moral instinct in its divine simplicity, and not possessing the rational independence of the juriconsult, whither can this man be carried, with his conscience voluntarily dumb, and his reason voluntarily blinded? Whither can he go, except along the road of chance and probabilities, where, confounding with one another in the darkness the notion of good and the notion of evil, engaging himself more and more beyond the limits of truth in a monstrous abyss, cunning only in putting remorse to sleep, he often foresees, imagines, and creates in theory impossible crimes!

Do not wonder then that degeneration was so rapid, since it was contained in the very ideal of the society: I could, if I would, bring to bear on this subject some strange testimonies. Listen to the terrible confession which escaped from one of the most famous disciples of Loyola, from one of those who approached the nearest to his genius, from one of his contemporaries, Mariana! It is not I who speak, but a member of the Institution of Jesus, after having passed fifty years in the community:—"Our whole institution," he says, "seems to have no other object than to bury under the earth our evil actions, and to conceal them from the knowledge of men*." I might add to this confession some astonishing avowals omitted by Pascal, as the way to obtain the good-will of princes, of widows, and of noble and opulent young men. I might go very far on in this path; but I abstain.

It is not necessary to say what it is attracts you to this discussion. It is neither its relation with the times in which we live, nor the curiosity of scandal. You are interested because the question is in itself great, universal: let us allow it to retain this character. The question is between reality and appearance, truth and falsehood, the life and the letter. Whenever a doctrine endeavours to imitate the life which it has lost, you may

* Totum regimen nostrum videtur hunc habere scopum, ut malefacta injectâ terrâ occultentur, et hominum notitiæ subtrahantur.

discover the principle and the element of Jesuitism as well among the ancients as among the moderns. It would not be difficult to show that every religion has, at one time or other, produced its Jesuitism, which is nothing else than its degeneration.

Without leaving the sphere of our tradition, the Pharisees are the Jesuits of the Mosaic system, as the Jesuits are the Pharisees of Christianity. Did not the Pharisees likewise distrust the spirit? Did not they ask what the spirit is? Were they not the determined defenders of the letter? Did not Christ compare them to sepulchres? Is not this also the comparison most affected by our modern ones in their Constitutions? If this be true, wherein is the difference? And if there is no difference, Christ has pronounced his opinion by accusing the scribes, and the doctors of the law.

Take, then, care—and here I address myself to those who, separated from me, exhibit the greatest aversion to me—take care that you do not shut yourselves up alive in those tombs; you will repent when it is too late. There are still great things to be done; remain where the combat of the spirit is taking place—where are danger, life, reward. Do not lose yourselves, do not bury yourselves in these catacombs: you know it as well as I do; God is not the God of the dead, but of the living.

I will, if it be necessary, admit for a moment that, on emerging from the middle age, some minds, carried away by an excess of asceticism, may have found it necessary to submit themselves to this dry and icy rule. I will admit that these efforts of the middle age, suddenly compressed by an overwhelming method, may have turned, if not to great thoughts, at least to bold enterprises. But in our days, in 1843, what does this doctrine come to do in the world? What does it give us that we do not possess as it is in too great abundance? We, now, above all things, all of us, hunger and thirst after sincerity and truth. This society teaches us manoeuvres and stratagems, as if there were not enough manoeuvre and stratagem in the visible course of affairs! We cannot live without liberty; it brings us absolute dependence, as if shackles did

not sufficiently abound. We want an interpretation, spiritual, great, powerful, open to all, regenerating; it gives us an interpretation, narrow, small, material, as if there were not enough of materialism in the age. We want life; it gives us the letter. In a word, it brings nothing to the world with which the world is not surfeited; and this is why the world will have nothing more to say to it!

Consider, moreover, that if there is a country on the face of the earth, the temper of which is incompatible with the Society of Jesus, it is France. Of all the first generals of the order, of all those who gave it its momentum, not one was a Frenchman. No one has communicated the spirit of our country to this combination of the heaven of Spain and of the Machiavellism of Italy in the sixteenth century. I can understand how, where it has its roots, even when combated by public opinion, the spirit of the institution can produce statesmen and controversialists, Marianas, Bellarmine, Aquavivas. But among us, transplanted from its native soil, sterile itself, Jesuitism can do nothing but spread sterility. Every thing here contradicts and hurls against it. If we are worth any thing, it is for our spontaneous energy—the reverse is the case with Jesuitism; it is for our good faith, even to indiscretion, to the advantage of our enemies,—whilst Jesuitism is wholly the reverse; it is for the rectitude of our minds,—Jesuitism delights in subtleties and concealed intentions; it is for a certain aptitude to inflame ourselves in the cause of others,—the society is all for itself; it is, in fine, for the power of our reason,—and it is reason that this community above all things distrusts.

What then do we want with an institution which is careful to repudiate in every thing the character of the mission which God himself has given to our country? I now see distinctly that it is not alone the spirit of the Revolution that is attacked, as I lately advanced; the very existence of the national spirit of France is in danger. Two incompatible principles are in combat, one of which must destroy the other. Jesuitism must destroy the spirit of France, or France must destroy the spirit of Jesuitism. This is the result of all I have told you.

LECTURE THE FOURTH*.

ON THE JESUIT MISSIONS.

It is not our fault, if in the path on which we have entered, we are obliged to take care that our parts are not shifted. Our strength lies in the openness of our position; and if it happens to be misinterpreted in a place † from which all France is addressed, we owe a word of explanation to remarks which fall from so great a height. We are accused of pursuing a phantom. It would be easy to answer that we pursue nothing, that we are only describing the past: but, I will ask, if you talk of phantoms, why so much hatred and so many efforts made to prevent its even being mentioned? If Jesuitism is dead, why so much violence? If living, why deny it? Why? Because now, as ever, it has been in too great haste to show itself; because it has been betrayed by its impatience; because in showing itself it has run the risk of destroying itself. But

* Delivered May 31st. † Chamber of Deputies, May 27th.

our trouble will not have been in vain if we have contributed to bring it into the light of day. It is now too late to deny its existence.

The only thing that astonishes me is, that we have been accused of attacking freedom of instruction, because we have maintained the right of free discussion. What, we the violent, we the intolerant? Who would have thought it? Violent, because we have defended ourselves! Intolerant, because we have not been exclusive! All this is strange, it must be confessed. The tolerance which is required is permission to condemn, to fulminate, without giving the power to answer. The common right which is claimed, is it the privilege of anathema! At least this should have been clearly confessed.

Of what avail are all these tricks, when the question can be expressed in one word? Will France, deprived of all association, abandon the

future to a strange and powerful association, naturally and necessarily the enemy of France? Without any circumspection, I will only say, that I behold, in the past, Jesuitism acquiring dominion over the spirit, to materialize it; over morality, to demoralize it; and it is my earnest hope that no one in these days may acquire dominion over liberty to destroy it.

However this may be, let us give ourselves the pleasure of considering our subject in its largest and most general relations. Jesuitism, in its origin, took upon itself the task of putting an end to idolatry and protestantism. Let us see how it accomplished the first of these undertakings.

At the time of the discovery of America and Eastern Asia, the first thought of the religious orders was to bind these new worlds in the unity of the Christian faith. Dominicans, Franciscans, Augustines entered immediately on this path; they were weary with holding in check the old world; their strength no longer sufficed to embrace the new. Scarcely was it formed, before the Society of Jesus entered upon this career; and it was that which it pursued with most glory. To unite the East and the West, the North and the South, to establish moral obligations which should bind the whole world, to accomplish the unity promised by the prophets—never did a greater design present itself to the mind of man. To attain this end would have required the all-powerful life of Christianity at its very commencement. Were the doctrines which constituted the soul of the Society of Jesus, capable of consummating this miracle?

For the first time, unknown populations were to come in contact with Christianity; that moment could not fail of exerting an incalculable influence on the future. The Society of Jesus, by throwing itself into the van, could decide or compromise the universal alliance. Which of these two things happened?

In Eastern Asia Christianity discovered the strangest thing in the world, a sort of Catholicism peculiar to the East, a religion replete with outward analogies to that of the court of Rome, a Paganism with all the forms and many of the dogmas of papacy,—a God born of a Virgin, incarnate for the salvation of men, a Trinity, monasteries, convents without number, anchorites devoted to macerations and incredible flagellations, the whole exterior of the religious life of Europe in the middle age, hermitages, relics, chivalry; at the summit a sort of pope, who, without commanding, exercised an authority as infallible as that of God himself. What would the Catholicism of Europe do when confronted with the Catholicism of India? Would it consider it as the degeneration of a principle common of yore both to one and the other? Or would it consider it as an imitation of the truth framed by the evil spirit? The chances of religious alliance were very different according to the solution given to this strange problem.

In this enterprise the Society of Jesus remained in Asia what it had been in Europe; it repeated there in the history of its missions the diverse phases of the character of its author.

Its precursor in the Indies was Francis Xavier of Navarre. He had been among the first to receive the impulse of Ignatius Loyola. Born, like him, of an ancient family, he had left the paternal castle to visit Paris and study philosophy and the-ology. At St. Barbe, Loyola fired him with his

own young enthusiasm. Xavier never understood the revolution which replaced in the mind of the founder, the hermit by the politician. Sent into Portugal, and from thence to the Indies, before the Society had a recognized existence, he preserved the spirit of heroism with scarcely any mixture of human calculation. When we meet in his letters with such words as the following—"Frame all your words and actions with your friends, as if they were, some day, to become your enemies"—we think we perceive one of the last counsels of Loyola as it fell into his transparent heart.

This man, still young, having just left the brilliant castle of Navarre, appearing alone as a wanderer on the shores of Malabar, will ever be a subject of great admiration. In that marvellous India he at first beheld none but those who dwelt without the cities, the miserable castes, the banished, the pariahs, the little children; as soon as the sun went down, he was to be seen taking a little bell, and going about from hut to hut, exclaiming—"Good people, pray to God!" He approaches the source of Oriental knowledge, but sees it not; he believes the opposition he encounters to be only that of childish minds; whilst, in fact, he is already surrounded by Brahminical colleges. In this holy ignorance of his situation, he sends home for priests who are able neither to confess, to preach, nor to teach; he thought it quite sufficient if they could baptize. In the name of the infant Christ, Xavier cuts an invisible path to Cape Comorin; he takes possession of infinite solitudes, of shoreless seas, escaping, by the greatness of things, from the narrow influences of the rule of Loyola: the populations among which he travels consider him as a holy man; in that consists his safety.

At Cape Comorin he embarks and traverses in a little felucca the great Indian ocean. Impelled, as he believes, by the breath of the Holy Ghost, he reaches the Moluccas, and, after infinite trouble, the kingdom of Japan. At this extremity of the East he finds himself, for the first time, in contact, not with untrained minds, but with a religion armed at all points, with Bluddism and its living traditions; instead of being disconcerted, he argues, in a language of which he knows only a few words, or, rather, it is his manner, his sincerity, his faith, which argue and attract; his soul dwelt in the regions of miracles. But this island of Japan soon becomes too small for his great desire of proselytism; at all hazards he must penetrate into China, that closed world. He crosses to the island of Sancham, the nearest to the continent. In a few days a boatman undertakes to carry him at night to the gates of Canton. His faith would do the rest. The boatman did not keep his promise, and he dies of impatience and hope deferred at the gates of the great empire. This is what the enthusiasm of an isolated man, without support, without companions, without immediate hope of assistance from the Society, succeeded in doing. His faith and love cast around him a halo which preserved him, and opened every road to him. Strange people, who understood not his language, saw on his face the impress of the man of God; in spite of themselves, they recognized and saluted him. The fascination was contagious; a single man had landed on those

shores, and already there was a Christian Asia. After the sanctity of one, let us see what calculation, and cunning, and numbers were able to effect.

Along the road opened by the enthusiasm of Xavier, a new generation of missionaries crowded, bringing with them the book of the *Constitutions*, a code of maxims and instructions which they had profoundly studied.

If all this policy was to result in the establishment of religion, was it the Christian dogma which was presented for the belief of the new nations? Were so many manoeuvres to end in imposing the Gospel by surprise? Here the stratagem appears in all its greatness. It was seriously expected that the Oriental world would fall into the greatest trap that was ever laid; it was believed that these vast populations, confirmed in their religion by the experience of so many centuries, would rush into the snare; a false Gospel was held out to them, in the belief that there would be always time to give them the new one. From Japan to Malabar, from the Archipelago of the Moluccas to the banks of the Indus, an attempt was made to envelop islands and continents in a net of fraud, by giving to this other universe a false god in a false church. And it is not I who thus speak. I am supported by the first authorities, by popes, such as Innocent X., Clement IX., Clement XII., Benedict XIII., Benedict XIV., who, in an uninterrupted succession of decrees, letters, briefs, bulls, have attempted perpetually, but vainly, to bring back the missionaries of the Society of Jesus to the spirit of the Gospel. It is a remarkable circumstance, which shows the power of the system, that the same men who are formed to sustain the papacy, as soon as they are no longer under its hand, turn round against its decrees with more violence than all the orders put together; it was not their fault if they did not succeed in abolishing in those distant countries not only Papacy, but Christianity itself.

What was the change they imparted to it? Did they impregnate it with another life? did they adapt it to the manners, climate, necessities of a new world? No! What then did they do? Not much, in truth. These men of the Society of Jesus, in teaching Christ, hid only one thing, the passion, the agony, Calvary. These Christians only denied the cross: *illos pudet Christum passum et crucifixum predicare*. They were ashamed to show Christ in the passion. These are the very words of the congregation of cardinals and of pope Innocent X.; or if they did make use of the cross, they hid it under the flowers which were scattered at the feet of the idols; so that whilst they adored the idol in public, they thought it lawful to refer their adoration to the hidden object. Such were the stratagems by which they thought to win empires and numberless peoples. In the country of pearls and precious stones, these men, all for externals, thought they were doing wonders in drawing minds to them, by only showing Christ triumphant in the midst of the presents of the Magi, reserving to themselves the power of communicating some portion of the truth when conversion was effected and baptism had been received. To compel them to give up these absurd practices into which they were led by their system, decree upon decree was required, charge upon charge, bull upon bull;

letters were found insufficient. The pope was obliged to interfere, as it were, in person. A prelate was sent, a Frenchman, the cardinal of Tournon, to put down this Christianity without the cross, this Gospel without the passion; but scarcely had he arrived, than the Society caused him to be cast into prison, where he died of surprise and of grief.

The dogma thus mutilated, the application was immediately felt. If we may deny Christ, poor, naked, suffering, what follows? We may also deny the poor, the banished and sacrificed classes; hence (for they did not shrink from the logical conclusion) the refusal to grant the sacrament to the humble, to the classes which were esteemed as outcasts, to the pariahs*. To this, in fact, they did come; and in spite of the authority and the threats of the decrees of 1646 of Innocent X., of 1669 of Clement IX., of 1734, 1739, of Clement XII., of the bull of 1745 of Benedict XIV., this monstrous exclusion from Christianity of the poor, that is to say, of those to whom it was first sent, was persisted in.

The condemnation, which the vicar apostolical of Clement XI. pronounced at Pondicherry, in 1704, on the very spot was, as follows:—"We cannot suffer that the physicians of the soul should refuse to men of low condition the duties of charity, which are not refused to them even by the Pagan physicians, *Medici Gentilis*." The expressions of Benedict XIV., in 1727, evince still more plainly this eagerness of the missionaries to deny the wretched ones by whom St. Francis Xavier commenced:—"We will and order that the decree respecting the administration of the Holy Sacraments to the dying of humble condition, called Pariahs, should be at length observed and executed without further delay, *ulteriori dilacione remotâ*." In spite of this, however, twenty years afterwards the papacy was compelled to thunder anew on the same subject, and continued to do so until the abolition of the society. Now these are not prejudiced opinions, the assertions of enemies; they are facts stated by the authority before which our adversaries are compelled to bow their heads.

Now I ask, are these Christian missions, or Pagan missions? At any rate how much have they preserved of the spirit of the Gospel? The Apostles of Christ also found on emerging from Judæa a world new to them, rich, proud, sensual, full of gold and jewels,—above all, inimical to slaves. Among these men was there one, who, in presence of the splendour of Greece and Rome, dreamt of dissembling the doctrine he was commissioned to teach, of hiding the cross before the triumph of Pagan sensuality? In the midst of that world of patricians, was there one who denied the slave? On the contrary, what they principally thrust in the face of this proud society was God suffering, Christ beaten, the Eternal plebeian in the manger of Bethlehem. What St. Peter and St. Paul exhibited at Rome in the midst of its intoxication was the cup of Calvary, with the gall and hyssop of Golgotha; and that was the reason of their triumph. What did Rome want with a god invested with gold and with power? That image of force had appeared to it a hundred times; but to be mistress of the world, to revel in the riches of the East, and to meet with a god naked and scourged, who

* *Infirmia etiam abjectæ et infamæ conditionis, vulgo dictis Pariahs.*

aspired to win it by the cross of the slave, this it was that astonished, struck, and in the end subjugated it.

Suppose that instead of all this, the Apostles, the missionaries of Judea, had attempted to take the world by surprise, to adapt themselves to it, to exhibit only that part of the Gospel which was analogous to Paganism, that they had concealed Calvary and the sepulchre from the voluptuous denizens of Greece and Rome, that instead of imparting to the earth the word in its integrity, they had only suffered to be seen that which would please the earth; in a word, imagine that the Apostles in their missions had followed the same policy with the missionaries of the Society of Jesus,—I say that they would have met in their attempts upon the Roman world with the same success which the Jesuits encountered in the Eastern world; that is to say, that after a momentary success, obtained by surprise, they would soon have been rejected and extirpated by the society for which they had laid a trap. Princes, cunningly circumvented, might have lent their ear for a moment; but the minds of so many patricians, of so many Roman matrons, would not have taken such root in the Gospel as to defy every tempest. A few gay persons would have been attracted by the promise of futurity acquired without trouble; but the rejected slaves would not have hastened to meet the slave God. In a war of policy against policy, the art of Tiberius and Domitian would doubtless have counteracted that which was opposed to it. The manoeuvres of the world mixed with the Gospel, without deceiving the world, would have dried up the Gospel in its sources; the result of these stratagems would have been, by corrupting the doctrine of Christ, to have deprived of it, for a long time, the deceived and at the same time undeceived world.

Such is the history of the Society of Jesus, in its celebrated missions to the East. We have too much accustomed ourselves in these times to believe that cunning can bring any thing to pass. See to what it comes when it is applied on the great scale of humanity. Follow the history of their vast undertakings on the coast of Malabar, in China, —above all, in Japan. Read, study these events in the writers of the order, and compare the project with the result! The history of these missions is in itself very uniform: at the outset an easy success; the head of the country, the emperor, gained over, seduced, surrounded; a portion even of the population following the conversion of its chief; then, at a given time, the chief discovering, or believing to discover, an imposition; after this, reaction as violent, as in the first instance confidence was extreme; the population deserting at the same time with the chief; persecution uprooting the souls really acquired; the mission hunted out, leaving scarcely a vestige behind; the Gospel compromised, shipwrecked on an accursed land, which remains for ever desert: such is the summary of all these histories.

And yet who can read them without admiration! What ability! What resources! What knowledge of details! What courage! How little am I understood if I am believed not to feel all these things! What heroism among individuals! What obedience among the inferiors! What combination among the superiors! Patience, fervour, audacity could no further go.

But that which is more surprising even than

all this, is, that all these labours, all this devotion, produce no lasting effects. How did this come to pass! Because, if individuals were devoted, the maxims of the body were corrupt. Was any thing similar ever beheld! The society deserves more our pity than our anger. Who has laboured more, and reaped less! It has sown the sand: for having mixed cunning with the Gospel, it has experienced the strangest punishment; and this punishment consists in perpetual toil and perpetual disappointment. That which it raises with one hand in the name of the Gospel, it destroys with the other in the name of policy. Alone it has repaid this terrible law—that it should produce martyrs, and that the blood of its martyrs should produce nothing but thistles.

Where in the vast East are its establishments, its colonies, its spiritual conquests! In those powerful islands where it reigned for a while, what remains of it! Who remembers it! In spite of so many private virtues, of so much blood bravely spilt, the breath of deceit has pierced there and dissipated every thing. The Gospel, carried thither by a spirit opposed to it, would not grow and flourish. Rather than give encouragement to inimical doctrines, it preferred itself to perish. This was the result of the trap set to catch the whole world.

But I hear it said, They have nevertheless done one great thing in the East. Yes, certainly. What! They have opened the way for England. —Ah! I am in waiting for them there; for there the punishment is complete. Mark this: the missionaries of the Society of Jesus, the heralds, the defenders, the heroes of Catholicism, opened the way for Protestantism! The representatives of the papacy prepared the extremity of the world for Calvin and for Luther! Does not that seem a malediction of Providence! It exhibits them, at least, in a depth of misery which must wring pity even from their greatest enemies. (*Applause.*)

But this punishment has been inflicted on them not in Eastern Asia alone; every where I see these clever setters of snares taken in their own toils. It is said that their most powerful adversaries, the Voltaires, the Diderots, were formed in their own schools; and this is still true if you apply it not only to individuals, but to territories, to whole continents. Follow them into the vast solitudes of Louisiana and North America,—among their most glorious fields of victory.

There too, other Francis Xaviers, sent by an order of the chief, plunge singly and silently into the midst of lakes and forests hitherto untraversed. They embark in the canoe of the savage; they follow with him the course of mysterious rivers; they scatter the seed of the Gospel; and once again the tempest of wrath disperses it before it has time to germinate. The evil genius of the society treads secretly behind each of the missionaries, and strikes the soil with sterility as soon as they put in the plough. After a moment of hope every thing disappears, destroyed by an invisible power. The happy time of this savage Christianity was in the midst of the seventeenth century. Already in 1722, Pere Charlevoix followed in the steps of these missions of the Society of Jesus. He scarcely discovered any traces of them; and these defenders of Christianity were proved to have once more worked only for their enemies; and these

pretended apostles of the papacy opened a road to Protestantism, which surrounded them before they were aware of it. When they emerged from the depths of the forest, where they had rivalled the Indians in stratagem, they thought they had been building for Rome, whilst they had been building only for the United States; once more see the great policy of Providence,—cunning is turned against cunning.

However, it was given to the Society of Jesus to realize once, in the case of one people, the ideal of its doctrines. During the space of a hundred and fifty years it succeeded in infusing its whole principle into the organization of Paraguay; from this political application you may estimate it in its whole extent. In Europe, in Asia, it was more or less opposed by the existing powers; but in the solitudes of South America, a vast territory was granted to it, with the power of applying to a new nation, to the Indians of the Pampas, its civilizing genius. It happened that its method of education, which extinguished nations in their maturity, seemed to agree for a time wonderfully well with these infant people; it was enabled, with a truly admirable intelligence, to attract them, to group them, to isolate them, to keep them in an eternal noviciate. They erected a republic of children, in which every thing was conceded them with wonderful ease, except that which can alone develop the man in the newly-born.

Every one of these strange citizens of the republic of the Guaranis was expected to veil his face before the fathers, to kiss the hem of their robes; transferring to the legislation of a whole people the recollections of the schools of those days, for the slightest fault men and women, even magistrates, were whipped in the public squares. From time to time vitality endeavours to display itself among those people in swaddling-clothes; then there arise the cries of wild beasts, insurrections, revolts, which from time to time expel, disperse the missionaries; after which, each man returns to his former condition, as if nothing had happened,—the crowd to its puerile dependence, the teachers to their divine authority. The breviary in one hand, and the rod in the other, a few men lead and preserve this flock, the last remains of the empire of the Incas. In itself this is a great spectacle, especially if we add the infinite art exhibited in cutting off communication with the rest of the universe; and in spite of the silence which is cast around, continual revolutions that excite I know not what suspicions, which none can shake off, neither the king of Spain, nor the regular clergy, nor the pope. This education of a people is consummated in profound mystery, like a dark conspiracy. From time to time, when they are prepared, the missionary fathers, according to their own expressions, set out with their neophytes to hunt the Indians as if they were tigers, shut them up in enclosures reserved for the purpose, and little by little appease, tame, and bring them into the Church.

This Constitution was the triumph of the Society of Jesus, because into it it was able to infuse its whole soul and character. But are we sure that this mysterious colonization will be the germ of a great empire? Where is the sign of life? Everywhere else we at least hear the babblings of society in the cradle. Here, I confess, I fear, that so much

silence in the same place during three centuries, is of evil augury; and that the discipline which has so quickly succeeded in enervating the virgin vigour of nature, is not that which develops the Guatamozins and the Montezumas. The Society of Jesus has fallen, but its people of Paraguay survives it, and is becoming more and more silent and mysterious. Its frontiers are not to be traversed. Its silence has redoubled, so has its despotism; the Utopia of the Company of Jesus has been realized; a state without movement, without noise, without pulsation, without apparent respiration. God grant that so much mystery does not hide a corpse!

Thus, to recapitulate, a Machiavellian heroism, entangling itself in its own toils, or which leaves in its rear nothing but the silence of death, is the result of all these stratagems to communicate the word of life; isolated successes, always uncertain, and gained over tribes separated by deserts, over families, over individuals; a perfect impotence as soon as the struggle is undertaken with established religions,—Islamism, Brahminism, Bhuddism.

Nevertheless, to be just, we must accuse, not only the policy of the Society of Jesus, but a more deeply-seated evil. To evangelize the earth, what do we present to the earth! A divided Christianity. That which began the evil in the missions, was the conflict of the orders; that which completed it, was the conflict of creeds.

Everywhere we have seen, at the extremities of the earth, Catholicism and Protestantism mutually paralyzing each other. Distracted by these opposing influences, what could Islamism, Brahminism, Bhuddism, do but wait until we were all agreed! The first step to take, therefore, is to strive, not to render discord eternal, but to manifest the living unity of the Christian world; for we are not alone in the expectation of one day uniting all people in the people of God. Out of all the religions which divide the earth, there is not one which does not aspire to encroach upon and overwhelm the other, as it were by a miracle. And yet, behold them, they no longer undertake any thing serious one against the other; scarcely do they rob each other by surprise of one or two individuals; they have abandoned every hope of an open contest. Something, I know not what, tells them they cannot overcome one another. Suppose that ages have passed away, you will find them still in the same place, only more immovable still. In spite of all, if they remain as they are, Catholicism will not extirpate Protestantism, or Protestantism Catholicism.

Must we then give up all hopes of the unity, the fraternity, the moral universality promised! This would be to give up the cause of Christianity itself. Live in indifference, one by the side of the other, as in the sepulchre, without any hope of a communion of hearts! That would be the worst of deaths. It would be impious and impossible to recommence blind and sanguinary struggles. Instead of wasting our time in these sterile hatreds, I think it would be much better to labour seriously to develop in ourselves the heirloom and tradition we have received. For in the midst of this profound immobility of creeds, which keep one another mutually in check, the future will belong not to that which most successfully harasses its rival, but to that which ventures to take a step in advance. The rest will retire before this manifestation of life.

This step alone will open the empires, closed at present to the missionaries of the letter. The nations which now hang in suspense, and from which nothing is expected, feeling the impulse of

the spirit re-entering the world, will raise themselves up, and complete their journey towards God. Intestine war ceasing in Christendom, the task of the missionary may at length be accomplished.

LECTURE THE FIFTH.

POLITICAL THEORIES OF THE JESUITS: ULTRA-MONTANISM.

AMONG the dignitaries of the Church, a man*, whose sincerity I respect, a bishop of France, asserting the rights of his situation and of his convictions, in a letter made public, and directed in part against my teaching, concludes with these words, which are addressed to me,—“*Since he has been neither punished, nor censured, nor disavowed, it is evident that he has received his mission.*” These words, clothed with high authority, compel me to say, what will give pleasure to my adversaries,—viz. that I have received my mission from no one but myself. I have consulted only the dignity, the rights of thought. I did not wait to know whether I should be approved or censured, before I determined to walk in this path, which I conceive to be that of truth. If therefore it be an error, under the reign of the Revolution, to assert the right of discussion, if it be an error in the spirit of Christianity to invoke unity instead of discord, reality instead of appearance, life instead of the letter, the fault is justly attributable to me alone, and the more so as I feel that every day I grow more rooted in my opinion, and that I have passed the age at which men obey, without knowing it, an impulse from without. By what favour should I have been chosen to speak in the name of the University? I, who do not even belong to that body? No, gentlemen, the whole fault is mine; and if punishment is to be inflicted, let it be inflicted on me alone. (*Applause.*)

The character which we have discovered, from the outset, impressed on the doctrine of the Society of Jesus, exhibits itself very exactly in its internal economy and government. The whole spirit of the Company is contained in the principle of domestic economy I am about to unfold. The Society of Jesus has succeeded, with wonderful ability, in conciliating poverty and wealth. By poverty, she makes friends with piety; by riches, with power. But how can these things be conciliated in its laws? Thus:—

According to its rule, submitted to the Council of Trent, it is composed of two kinds of establishments of different natures,—of professed houses incapable of possessing any thing as property (that is the essential part); and of colleges capable of acquiring, inheriting, possessing (that is the accidental part): which is as much as to say, that the Society is instituted so as to be able at the same time to refuse and to accept, to live according to the Gospel, and to live according to the world. Let us be more precise. At the end of the sixteenth century, I find that it had twenty-one professed houses, and two hundred and ninety-three colleges; that is to say, twenty-one hands to refuse, and two hundred and ninety-three to accept and grasp. This, in two words, is the secret of its internal economy. From

* The Bishop of Chartres.

this let us pass to its relations with the external and political world.

The Society of Jesus, in the midst of its foreign missions, fell at length into its own toils. I wish to day to examine if any thing similar has happened to it in Europe; whether the policy of the sixteenth century has not become, in its hands, a two-edged sword, which has at length been turned against itself.

What is the character of a truly living religion, in its relations with the political world? It communicates its power to the states of which it becomes the foundation; it breathes a powerful breath of life into the nation which conforms to its principle; it takes interest in their welfare, and gives them support and protection. What would you say if, instead of this life, which is as it were contagious, you should find a religious society which, to whatever political form it is annexed, a monarchy, an aristocracy, or a democracy, secretly declares itself the enemy of this constitution, and labours to undermine it, as though it were impossible to endure any alliance with it? What will you say of a society which, in whatever medium it is placed, has the sovereign art of discovering, beneath the artificial forms of written laws and institutions, the true principle of political life, and immediately sets about destroying it?

As long as they existed, the religions of antiquity served as the basis of certain political forms; Pantheism as that of the Oriental castes, and Polytheism as that of the republics of Greece and Rome. In the case of Christianity something wholly new is beheld—a creed which, without allying itself exclusively with any political mould, is compatible with every known system of society. Since it is life itself, it distributes it to all who come in contact with it; to the feudal monarchies of the barbarians, to the citizen republics of Tuscany, to the senatorial republics of Venice and Genoa; to the Spanish Cortes; to pure, absolute, and limited monarchy; to tribes and clans; in one word, to every group of the human family: and this religious soul, distributed everywhere, penetrating into all forms, in order to develop and increase them, constitutes the organization of the Christian world.

In the midst of all this, I perceive a strange circumstance which suddenly enlightens me as to the nature of the Order of Jesus. Situated in the midst of a monarchy, it undermines it in the name of democracy*; and on the other hand, it undermines democracy in the name of monarchy. Whatever it may have been at the commencement, it ends, strange to say, by being equally opposed to French royalty under Henry III., to the English aristocracy under James II., to the Venetian oligarchy, to Dutch liberty, to the Spanish, Russian, and

* Bellarmin, De Potestat. Summ. Pontif. c. v. p. 77.

Neapolitan autocracies. This is the cause why it has been expelled thirty-nine times by governments not only of different, but of antagonistic forms. A period always arrives when these governments feel convinced that the order is upon the point of stifling amongst them the very principle of existence; then, of whatever origin they may be, they repel it after having invited it. We shall presently see for the advantage of what theory the Society of Jesus, in the end, causes the death of every positive form of Constitution, of State, and of Political Organization.

In examining the spirit of the first political writers of the order, we perceive that they come forward at the epoch of the formation of the great monarchies of Europe, just at the moment when they were completed. The future of Spain, of France, of England, in the sixteenth century, belonged to royalty; the life of nations and of states was at that moment personified in it. The pulsations, the throbbings of life of the modern nations, on issuing from the middle age, are measured by royal authority. In the absence of other institutions, it represents at the end of the Revival the labours of times gone by,—unity, nationality, the nation; and it is against that power that the writers of the Society of Jesus declare themselves at the outset: they lower it, they desire to mutilate it, wherever it comprehends the principle of the initiative, and ventures to bear the banner.

But in the name of what idea do the Bellarmins, the Marianas, seek to ruin it?

Who would believe it! In the name of the sovereignty of the people. "Monarchies," say this school, "were beheld in dreams by Daniel, because they are nothing but unreal spectres, and possess nothing of reality, but a vain outward pomp." Unconscious of what theory they were letting loose, and believing that they were appealing only to a phantom, they invoked opinion and popular will to lower and depreciate the public power which separated them from domination. It is true that, after having fixed the universal will, *beneficentia multitudinis*, as the basis of monarchy, these great democrats of 1600 find no difficulty in reducing to nothing the authority of universal suffrage; so that, upsetting royalty through the people, and the people through the ecclesiastical authority, nothing remains at last but to concede every thing to their principle.

Thus, when all the parts were changed, and the writers of the order had prematurely made use of sovereignty to abolish sovereignty, what place of refuge do you think remained to those who wished to protect the civil and political law against theocracy? The school of the Society of Jesus threatened to kill liberty by liberty, even before it was born. To escape from this extraordinary trap, Sarpi and the Independents were compelled to advance the doctrine that political power, royal power existed by divine right; and that thus the state had a reason for its existence, as well as the papacy; that it could not be put down by it, since it possessed, like it, an indisputable foundation; that is to say, that by a disregard of all truth, and by a stratagem which threatened to destroy at its birth the idea of civil and political existence, the order appealed to the sovereignty of the people only for the purpose of destroying it, and the Politicians were constrained to appeal to divine right only for the purpose of saving it.

The question thus laid down, there remained only one decisive step for the theocratical party to take, and this was to push things as far even as the avowal of the doctrine of *regicide*; they did not shrink even from this necessity. No doubt, in the midst of the madness of the League, preachers of various orders were not wanting to welcome the doctrine. But what no one denies, is, that it was the Society of Jesus that first learnedly advocated it, and erected it into a theory. Their popular axiom of those times is well known; "A pawn only is required to check-mate a king!"

From 1590 to 1620 the most important doctors of the order, withdrawn from the struggle and peacefully shut up within the precincts of their convents, the Emanuel Sas, the Alphonso Salmerons, the Gregories of Valencia, the Anthony Santarems, positively establish the right of political assassination. Here, in two words, is the whole theory, which, during this period, was very uniform. Either the tyrant possesses the state by legitimate right, or he has usurped it. In the first case, he may be stripped of his power by a public judgment, after which every man becomes executioner at will; or else the tyrant is illegitimate, and then every man in the country can put him to death. *Unusquisque de populo potest occidere*, says Emanuel Sa in 1590; "It is allowable for every man to kill a tyrant, who is so substantially," says a German Jesuit, Adam Tanner, *tyrannus quoad substantiam*; "It is honourable to exterminate him," *exterminare gloriosum est*, observes another no less authoritative author:—Alphonso Salmeron invests the pope with the right of putting to death by a single word, provided he does not assist with his own hand, *potest verbo corporalem vitam auferre*; for in receiving the right of pasturing the sheep, has he not also received the right of destroying the wolves? *potestatem lupos interficiendi*? According to the theory of Bellarmin, the most wise, the most learned, the most moderate of all, at least in forms, it was not for monks, nor ecclesiastics, to commit massacres, *cædes facere*, nor to kill the king by stratagem; the custom* is first to admonish them in a fatherly manner, *paternè corripere*; then to excommunicate them; then to deprive them of royal power; after which their execution belongs to others. *Executio ad alios pertinet*.

There exists a celebrated work wherein these theories are expounded with an audacity which cannot fail to excite great astonishment, when we reflect for what readers it was intended. I speak of the *King's Book*, by Mariana. This work was written under the inspection of Philip II., for the instruction of his sons. Every where else Jesuitism takes secret paths; here it rises up with all the pride of a Spanish hidalgo. Since it feels that Spanish royalty is entwined in the meshes of theocracy, and as it speaks in the name of papa Rome, it feels itself permitted to say any thing. Hence the strange freedom with which the civil authority is spurned, even if it make the slightest attempt to escape from a dependence to which it has given its assent!

In spite of the difference of character, the king of Mariana may be compared to the Machiavellian prince. Machiavel employs all vices, provided they are of a stern nature; he wishes to use them in favour of the independence of the state: Mariana

* Ipsorum mos est.

acknowledges every virtue, provided he can turn it to the destruction of the state and the advancement of the clergy. Will you believe, that in the name of these very virtues, he seeks to exact impunity for every crime which ecclesiastics may commit? And this is not a piece of advice, but a command. "Let no one belonging to the clergy be condemned*, even if he shall have deserved to be so." It is better that their crimes should go unpunished, *præstat scelera impunita relinqui*; this impunity being established, he concludes by requiring that the heads of the clergy should be, not only the heads of the church, but also of the state; and that civil, as well as religious matters, should be abandoned to their control. I confess, I like to discover in Mariana's Jesuitism, Castilian pride,—*If not, not*; who would have expected to find the formula of the frankness of the ancient *fueros* transported into the diplomacy of Loyola?

And after all these hard conditions which the theocratic spirit imposes on this ideal royalty, what sort of guarantee will it bestow? The guarantee of the dagger. After Mariana has bound royalty by theocratic power, he hangs over its brow the threat of assassination, and establishes thus, at the foot of the Papacy, an absolute monarchy, governed by the right of the dagger. Behold, how in the midst of the theory, he interrupts himself, in order to flash before the eyes of his royal pupil the still bloody knife of Jacques Clement. "Lately," he says, "a magnificent and memorable exploit† has been accomplished in France, for the instruction of impious princes. Clement, in killing the king, has created for himself a great name, *ingens sibi nomen fecit*. He perished (Clement), the everlasting glory of France (*æternum Gallis decus*), according to the opinion of most persons—a young man of a simple mind and delicate frame, but a superior power nerved his arm and his soul‡."

This example thus sanctified, in his turn he founds his doctrine of regicide with the firmness of a Machiavel. In ordinary cases, an assembly ought to be called in order to carry a decision; in the absence of that assembly, the public voice of the people, *publica vox populi*, or the advice of grave and erudite men§, ought to suffice. Above all, let it not be feared "that too many persons will abuse this privilege of wielding iron. Human affairs would proceed much better, if many strong-nerved men were found, *forti pectore*, who held their own safety lightly; the greater part will be withheld by their love for life."

In the path which Mariana followed with so much confidence, a scruple suddenly arrested him; What was it? He doubted whether it is permitted to use poison as well as steel. Here the casuistical distinctions from which, up to this moment, he had freed himself, re-appear. He will not use poison, from this purely Christian motive, that the prince, in drinking the medicament|| prepared for him, would unwittingly commit a half-suicide, a thing opposed to evangelical law. Nevertheless, since fraud and cunning are lawful, he discovers this loop-hole; that poisoning is permitted, so

long as the prince does not poison himself; for instance, if a venom is made use of, subtle enough to kill, even by impregnating the substance of which the royal vesture is composed, *nimirum cum tanta vis est veneni, ut sellâ eo aut veste delibutâ vim interficiendi habeat*.

Now, recollect, that this book is no ordinary book; that it is written for the education of the future king of Spain! What depth, and what audacity! In the very court, under the pure gold of the Gospel, and the morality of Xenophon, to cause the point of the dagger to be felt by anticipation on the breast of the royal disciple; to present the threat at the same time as the instruction; to suspend the arm of the society over the child that is to reign; to attach the dagger of Jacques Clement to his crown! What a masterstroke, on the part of the Society of Jesus! What intrepid pride on the part of the teacher! And, for the pupil, what a warning, what sudden fear, what unappeasable terror! Do not be surprised if this youthful Philip III. lives as though his blood were stagnated in his veins; if he retires as much as possible from royalty; if he does not quit the solitude of the Escorial except to imitate the pilgrimage of Loyola. Since that day, half in terror, half in respect, the Spanish dynasty of the house of Austria vanished beneath that cold hand always raised against it. It resembles that of the commandant in *Don Juan*. King or people, it drags away past return whoever hold out their hands to it.

A young dauphin of Spain may well be excused for turning pale, when a man accustomed like Philip II. to every conspiracy, said, "The only Order of which I understand nothing, is the Order of the Jesuits." Would you like to have an opinion of them from a man pre-eminently courageous, to whom they had taught fear? There is the answer of Henry IV. to Sully, who was opposed to the repeal of the Jesuits: the king confesses that he only throws open France to them because he is afraid of them. "Of necessity, I am compelled of two things to do one; viz. to barely and simply admit the Jesuits, to relieve them from the defamation and opprobrium by which they have been overwhelmed, and to put to the proof their fine oaths and excellent promises; or to reject them more decidedly than ever, and to persecute them with all the rigour and hardships possible to conceive, in order that they may never approach either me or my states; in which case, there cannot be a doubt that they would be thrown into the deepest despair, and consequently into designs upon my life, which would render me miserable and wretched, living ever in the fear of poisoning or assassination*; for these people have agents and correspondents everywhere, and the greatest dexterity in twisting minds as they please; I would rather be dead at once; agreeing on this point with Cæsar, that the sweetest death is that which is the least foreseen or expected†."

This avowed regicidal doctrine endured but for a time. It belonged to the period of enthusiasm which marked the first phases of the Order of

* *Neminem ex sacro ordine supplicio quamvis merito subiciat.*—*De Rege*, lib. i. cap. x. p. 88.

† *Faciunt memorabile, nobile, insigne.*—*Ib.* l. i. c. vi.

‡ *Sed major vis vires et animum confirmabat.*—*Ib.* p. 54.

§ *Viri eruditi et graves.*—*Ib.* c. vi. p. 60.

|| *Noxium medicamentum.*—*Ib.* l. i. c. vii. p. 67.

* In spite of these terrible words, will it be believed that our adversaries adduce the sympathies of Henry IV., in their own favour! According to them, these words are only an additional *grace* in the Bernois. At this rate, if we are not their friends, we are evidently their partisans.

† *Mémoires de Sully*, t. v. p. 113.

Jesus. In 1614, the times having changed, the right of the poignard is replaced by a more profound institution, which, without killing the man, annihilates the king only. The confessor succeeds the regicide. Jacques Clement, Jean Châtel, De Barrière, no longer exist; but in their stead is seen something infinitely more terrible. Behind every king a member of the Society of Jesus treads, who, night and day, with the authority of infernal menaces, holds this soul in his hand, shatters it in spiritual exercises, brings it down to the level of the company; it renounces the creation of ministers, in order to set itself upon the throne beside the penitent. Royalty is not shattered at the foot of theocracy, but still more has been done; an intruding head has glided into the crown through the confessional, and the work is accomplished. For the business was not to pour into the ears of kings the living truth, but rather to disarm their conscience by filling it with a number of hatreds and interested rivalries; and nothing is so surprising as to see, in the midst of the life which springs up in modern society, so many princes, so many sovereigns, mechanically moved by that will which they borrow every day from those who profess to destroy the will.

Whenever a dynasty falls to decay, I perceive rising from the earth, and taking its stand like an evil genius behind, the figure of one of those solemn Jesuit confessors, who softly and paternally draws it towards death; Father Nithard behind the last inheritor of the Austrian dynasty in Spain, Father Auger behind the last of the Valois, Father Peters behind the last of the Stuarts; not to mention the times which you have witnessed, and which border on our own. Call to mind, however, the figure of Father Le Tellier in the Memoirs of St. Simon. He is the only one whom that fearless writer has portrayed with a shudder. What a lugubrious air, what a presentiment of death overspread all that society! I know, in fact, of nothing more terrible than the exchange made between those two men, Louis XIV. and Father Le Tellier, the king who every day gives up a portion of his moral life, and Father Le Tellier who infuses every day a portion of his heaven; that imposing wreck of a noble mind which no longer attempts a defence, that sustained intriguing ardour, which grasps every concession made by conscience; that rivalry between greatness and littleness, that triumph of littleness; and, finally, the soul of Father Le Tellier, which seems entirely to occupy the place of the soul of Louis XIV., and grasp the conscience of the kingdom; and in this inconceivable exchange, in which all is taken from one, and nothing given to the other, France, which no longer recognizes its aged king, and who, by his death, feels itself delivered at once from the double burden of the egotism of absolute power and the egotism of a political religion. What a warning! In spite of the difference between that time and ours, how necessary it is never to forget it! (*Applause.*)

Here we arrive at a decisive revolution in the political theories of Jesuitism. Never was there so prompt a change, or so audacious a manœuvre. We are entering on the eighteenth century; the doctrines which Jesuitism had sustained from its birth, cease to be a phantom; they assume a body, a reality in men's minds. Government of opinion,

sovereignty of the people, freedom of popular election, right founded on the social contract, liberty, independence—all these things cease to be mere words; they circulate, they stir, they are developed during the whole century. In one word, they are no longer the theses of a college; they are realities.

In the presence of the doctrines by which they began, what are those intrepid republicans of the Order of Jesus about to do? To deny, to crush them, if they can. With that powerful instinct which they possess of arresting life in its very germ, they turn round and precipitate themselves against their own doctrines, as soon as these begin to exhibit life. Is not this the part they have played for a century and a half? Is there one of them, who, during all that interval, has not applied himself to destroy that force of opinion which the founders had put forth without knowing that the word would grow, and that the programme of the League would become a truth?

In the sixteenth century, who proclaims, even with the good will of Philip II., the doctrine of the sovereignty of the people, when it has no chance of being carried into effect? The Society of Jesus. In the eighteenth, who incessantly attacks the sovereignty of the people, when, ceasing to be an abstraction, it becomes an institution? The Society of Jesus. Who, in the eighteenth century, are the most abusive enemies of philosophy? Those who in the sixteenth laid down the same principles without desiring to make any other use of them than as a weapon of attack. Who are those who, in the eighteenth century, endeavour to strengthen with their doctrines the absolute and schismatic power of Catherine II. and of Frederick II.? Those who in the sixteenth, talked of nothing but overthrowing, of trampling under foot, of stabbing, in the name of the people, all absolute and schismatic powers: for we must not forget that when the Society of Jesus was abolished by the pope, it found a refuge against supreme authority in the bosom of the despotism of Catherine II. For a moment a strange league was observed, that of despotism, of atheism, of Jesuitism, against all the living power of opinion. From 1773 to 1814, in that interval when the Order of Jesus was by the Papacy supposed to be dead, it determined to live in spite of it, retired, so to speak, within the heart of the atheism of the Russian court; there it was found entire, the moment it was wanted.

If these are not sufficient contradictions, let us examine the documents which in our own days are the most imbued with its spirit. No one of our time has reproduced the new political maxims of the theocratic school with more authority than M. De Bonald and De Maistre. Ask them what they think of election, of opinion, of the sovereignty of the people. That sovereignty, answers in the name of them all, their orator, M. De Maistre, is an *anti-christian* dogma; so much for orthodoxy. But to condemn what was once sanctified is not sufficient; it must also be buffeted with that affectation of insolence, peculiar to fallen aristocracies, when they have no longer any other weapons. Hence that sovereignty, so vaunted by the Bellarmine, the Marianas, the Emanuel Sas, is no longer for M. De Maistre, anything but a *philosophical cant*: to deride it from the people, is to render it odious and

* M. De Maistre, *Le Pape*, p. 152.

ridiculous *. Are these desertions enough? Arrived at this point, the evolution is completed. The weapon sharpened against monarchical institutions has been turned against popular institutions; and if, from all that goes before, anything evidently results, it is that after having desired in the sixteenth century to destroy royalty by the authority of the people, in the nineteenth an attempt has been made to ruin the people by the authority of kings. It is no longer the prince who is to be stabbed—What is it then? Public Opinion.

Thus the function of Jesuitism, in its relation with politics, has been to shatter, one through the other, monarchy by democracy, and so on reciprocally, until all these forms, being worn out or depreciated, nothing remains but to commit ourselves to the Constitution and the ideas inherent in the society of Loyola; and I cannot conceal my surprise that any persons of our own day allow themselves to be blinded by this semblance of democracy, without perceiving that the pretended *demagoguery* of the League concealed nothing but a huge pitfall to entrap at once royalty and the nation. When Mariana and the doctors of that school have argued sufficiently to support royalty by democracy, they add, without being in the least disconcerted, these few words which overthrow the whole scaffolding: *Democracy is a perversion; demoratio quæ perversio est.*

What then did the members of the Society of Jesus desire to attain by so many stratagems, and so much labour? What do they still desire? To destroy for destruction's sake? By no means. They desire, as is natural to every society, to every man, to realize the ideal which they have written in their law, to approach it by secret ways, if they cannot attain it openly. It is the condition of their nature, which they cannot renounce without ceasing to exist. The whole question is reduced into the discovery of what social form is necessarily derived from the spirit of the Society of Jesus. But to discover this plan, it is sufficient to open our eyes, since, with the audacity which they ally to stratagem, their great writers have accurately defined it—That ideal is theocracy.

Open the works of their theorist, of him who has so long protected them by his pleading, of that man who gives so soft and so moderate an expression to ideas so violent, of their doctor, their apostle, the sage Bellarmine. He does not conceal it; his formula of government is the submission of political power to ecclesiastical power. The privilege of escaping even in civil matters from the jurisdiction of the state† is reserved for the clergy. Political power is to be subordinate to religious authority, which can depose it, revoke it, enclose it, *like a ram separated from the flock*: it is again the privilege of the clergy to escape, even in temporal affairs, from common law, by the divine law; in one word, his theory is the unity of the State and the Church, on the condition that the one shall be subject to the other, as the body is to the soul,—a monarchy, a democracy, an aristocracy, no matter what, with the *veto of the pope*; that is to say, a decapitated state: such is the charter of the order drawn up by the pen of the wise Bellarmine.

* M. De Maistre, *Le Pape*, p. 159.

† Clericos a jurisdictione seculari exemption non tantum in spiritualibus, sed etiam in temporalibus.—*De Potest. Summ. Pontif.* c. 34, p. 273, 281, 283, &c.

Who would have expected to meet, word for word, in the sixteenth century, as a contract of alliance, the Ultra-montanism of Gregory VII.? We are touching burning coals; that which is most cherished, most imperishable in the spirit of the founders of the order. Not satisfied with reproducing, in the very bosom of the Reformation, the religious dogma of the middle age, they strove at the same time to reproduce its political dogma.

In their anxiety to grasp every thing, they wished to restore to Papacy the ambition that she had herself laid aside; as though that sovereign power, which raises and deposes governments by a sort of social miracle, could be recomposed painfully by science, controversy, and effort! This power appears in action, but as soon as it is required to prove its right, it ceases to be. I know not that Gregory VII. made long treatises, to show the power he possessed of fulminating; but he did fulminate, by a letter, a word, a sign: kings bowed the head, the doctors were silent.

But to imagine that in order to ascend to this Sinai of the middle age, to collect the rays of light which proceeded from the brow of Hildebrand, and reached directly to the heart of the prostrated nations—to imagine that to bring about such miracles, all that was necessary was to heap reasoning upon reasoning, authority upon authority, wile upon wile; this is to take once again the letter for the life. The Society of Loyola assisted in maintaining Papacy on the throne of the middle age; and because its outward appearance remains the same, it cannot conceive how Papacy no longer exerts the authority which it possessed in the middle age: the Society of Jesus has restored to Papacy its material thunders, and it is astonished that Papacy does not terrify the world therewith, forgetting that in order to launch thunders against minds you must begin by awaking them.

This is the real misfortune of the order in its political system. Deceived by the material visions of Hildebrand, it pursues an impossible ideal. It agitates eternally, without coming to any result, and nevertheless is really unhappy, believe me, in spite of its pretended conquests; for it is fretting itself—for what? In order to inspire Papacy with a passion for authority, which that Papacy cannot, will not any longer conceive. It stirs, it wears itself out, and why? In order to regain a shred of that phantom of Gregory VII., which each century, each year, escapes more and more, and buries itself still further in the impenetrable past.

Indisputably, the union of the church and the state, of the spiritual and temporal, is a lofty idea. I will readily admit that the separation of one from the other is in itself a misfortune; but as it has happened in the sight of the whole world, and as we have not been able to hinder it, the greatest misfortune would be to deny it. When all the nations of the Christian family acknowledged in the middle age the authority of the same leader, the interference of the supreme authority in public affairs might have been a laudable undertaking. The dependence of European nations, under the same spiritual power, only established their reciprocal equality. Now, that half of them, by throwing off this yoke, have given themselves full swing, is it not evident what would be the situation of those who should accept it once more as it was in the past?

After the rupture of the sixteenth century, I defy any one to show me one nation in which the interference, even indirectly, of spiritual authority with temporal affairs, that is to say, Ultra-montan-ism, has not been a cause of ruin! Since when has France been all that she could become? Since Louis XIV., and the declaration of 1682, which distinctly proclaimed the independence of the state. On the other hand, what have you done with those nations who have remained the most faithful to your doctrines? What have you done with Italy? In the name of unity, you have divided it into fragments, and she cannot reunite herself. What have you done with Spain, Portugal, and South America? These nations have followed the impulse of theocracy; how have they been rewarded? By every appearance of death. What have you done with Poland? She, too, remained faithful. You have delivered her into the arms of schism.

Elsewhere, those nations which now are powerful, which possess at least all the signs of prosperity, those which aim at grand undertakings, those that are awake, that are expanding,—England, Russia, the United States,—are they Ultra-montanists? According to you, scarcely are they Christian.

Whence comes so strange a reversal? Why does submission to spiritual authority every where

bring along with it decay and ruin? Why have the nations who have followed that direction fallen into a state of irremediable stagnation? Is it not the very nature of the spirit to vivify instead of stagnating? Assuredly. Ought not the soul to command the body? Yes; doubtless. The doctrine of Ultra-montanism is, then, philosophically, theoretically, true! I consider it as correct. What is wanting in it then, that Providence refutes it in so striking a manner? Only one condition: for instance, if the order of things were reversed; if the spirit ceased to think, and abandoned its task to the body; if the letter were preserved, without preserving the reality; if the spiritual had allowed itself to be dispossessed of the spirit; if by a tremendous reversal of the order of things, there had for three centuries been more martyrs in political revolutions, than in ecclesiastical quarrels; more enthusiasm in the laity than in the clergy; more ardour in philosophy than in controversy; in one word, more soul in temporal than in spiritual matters;—it would result therefrom that one would have preserved the letter, while the other conquered the thing; but to take the lead of the world, it is not sufficient to say with the lips, "Lord, Lord;" to preserve power, these words should comprehend reality, inspiration, and life.

LECTURE THE SIXTH*.

PHILOSOPHY OF JESUITISM.—CONCLUSION.

WE have now seen the Society of Jesus alternately struggling with the individual in the *Spiritual Exercises* of Loyola, with the political world in Ultra-montanism, with foreign religions in their missions. To complete our examination of their doctrines, there remains to see them warring upon the human mind in philosophy, science, and theology. It was little to expedite to the ends of the world hardy messengers, to surprise a few hordes by means of a Gospel in disguise, to ruin monarchy by the people, and the people by monarchy; all these half-executed projects, which look so ambitious, wax pale before their resolve to remodel, from the foundation upwards, the education of all mankind.

The founders of the order were thoroughly cognizant of the instincts of their age. They were born in the midst of an excitement of innovation which dazzled every mind; an overflowing spirit of creation and of discovery was sweeping and hurrying on the whole world. In this general intoxication, as it were, of science, poetry, philosophy, men felt themselves precipitated towards an unknown future. How stay, suspend, freeze human thought in the midst of this mighty rush? There was but one means, and this the heads of the Order of Jesus attempted. It was, to make themselves the representatives of this onward tendency; to fall in with it, the better to stay it; to erect over the whole earth scientific establishments to fetter the wings of science; to allow the spirit an apparent movement, which should render

all movement impossible; to waste it in incessant gymnastics; and, under false appearances of activity, to flatter curiosity, nip the genius of discovery in the bud, overlay knowledge with the dust of books; in a word, to make the restless mind of the sixteenth century turn in a sort of Ixion's wheel. Such was, from its outset, that great plan of education, followed up with so much prudence and such consummate art. Never was so much reason brought to bear in conspiracy against reason.

The Society of Jesus has been accused of persecuting Galileo. They did better than that, for they laboured with incomparable skill to render the appearance of another Galileo in all forthcoming time impossible, and to root the mania for discovery out of the mind of man. There stood before them that everlasting problem—the alliance between belief and knowledge, between religion and philosophy. If, like the mystics of the middle age, they had been contented with debasing the one and exalting the other, no doubt the age would have hearkened unto them. To do them justice, they sought, at least, to leave the two terms subsistent. But how did they resolve the problem of the alliance? By allowing reason to shine nominally; by granting it all the chances vanity can desire, all the externals of power, on the single condition of refusing it the use.

Hence, wheresoever the society establish themselves, whether in the midst of cities, or of the vast deserts of India or of America, they build, face to

* Delivered June 14th, 1843.

face, a church and a college: one house for belief, one house for knowledge. Is this not a proof of sovereign impartiality? Whatever recalls, or satisfies the pride of human intellect, manuscripts, libraries, physical and astronomical instruments, all are collected, even in the depth of deserts; so as to tempt one to think here is a temple dedicated to human reason. Let us not, however, suffer ourselves to stop at those outward shows, but let us sound the very depths of the system, and consult the spirit which gives the clue to the whole establishment. The society, in rules destined to secrecy, have themselves drawn up the constitution of knowledge under the title of *Ratio Studiorum*. One of the first injunctions which meets my eye is the following:—"No one, even in matters which cannot prejudice piety, to lay down a new question"—*NEMO NOVAS INTRODUCAT QUESTIONES*. What! when there is no danger to persons, to things, or even to ideas, to imprison oneself, from the beginning, in a circle of problems; never to look beyond; not to deduce from a conquered truth a new truth. Is not this burying the talent of the Gospel? No matter. The terms are explicit; the threat which accompanies them admits of no circumlocution—"Such as are of too liberal a cast of mind must be dismissed from teaching." But, if it is forbidden to arouse the mind by new truths, surely all will be at liberty to debate questions already laid down, especially if they be as old as the world. No; this is not allowed. Let us explain.

I see long ordinances touching philosophy. I am curious to know what the philosophy of Jesuitism may be. I set about studying that portion of those ordinances which sums up the leading idea of all the rest; and what do I discover? A striking confirmation of every word I have advanced on the subject. Under the head of philosophy, one would expect to meet with the serious and vital questions of destiny, or, at least, with that sort of liberty which the middle age knew how to reconcile with the subtlety of scholasticism. You are mistaken. That which constitutes the chief feature of the *programme* is the subject that cannot be introduced into it; the skillful discarding of all great questions, so as to admit only the petty ones. You might guess for ever, and not hit upon the question first forbidden to be discussed in the philosophy of Jesuitism. It is prescribed that you are to think as little as possible of God, and never to speak of Him:—*Questiones de Deo prætereantur*! "The pupil is not to be detained with the consideration of Being more than *three or four days*!" (and the course of philosophy is to last three years). As to the study of Substance, it must be altogether shunned (*nihil dicant*), "the teacher must not touch on it!" Above all, the discussion of principles is to be excluded. And, most especially, the teacher must *abstain* (*nullo magis abstinendum*) from referring to the first cause, or to free-will, or to the eternal nature of God. "Let them say nothing, let them do nothing!" are sacramental words of

* Hi a docendi munere sine dubio removendi.—*Rat. St.* p. 172.

† "Pass over all questions . . . relative to God."

‡ Adeo ut tridui vel quadridui circiter spatium non excedant.—*Rat. St.* p. 227.

§ Caveat ne ingrediatur disputationem . . . de principiis.—*Ib.* p. 227.

|| Nihil dicant, nihil agant!

constant recurrence, which constitute the whole spirit of this code of philosophy. Let them go on *without inquiry* (*non examinando*) is the fundamental principle of its theory.

And so, once again, but more strikingly than on any other subject, the show instead of reality, the mask instead of the person. Fancy for a moment what must have been this pretended science of the mind, decapitated, void of the idea of cause, of substance, and even of God; in other words, denuded of all that constitutes its greatness! They betrayed their own opinion of it by this singular clause in their rules—"Whoever is unapt at philosophy, may be turned over to the study of cases of conscience"; though, to speak the truth, I am uncertain whether most contempt lurks in these words for philosophy, or for theological morality.

Yet, mark their consistency with themselves. From the commencement they were mistrustful of the spirit, of enthusiasm, of the soul; whence they were led to mistrust the principle, and the source of these three, that is, the idea of God. In the fear they ever entertained of real greatness, they could not fail to create an atheistical knowledge, an atheistical metaphysics, which, without a breath of life, possessed, nevertheless, all its outward signs. And hence, after the end and aim of knowledge have been lopped away, that pompous display of discussions, theses, of intellectual struggles, of word-combats, which characterize the education given by the Order of Jesus. The more they stripped reflection of its gravest topics, the more they allured to those intellectual exercises and tricks of fence which marked the nothingness of the discussion; so that they abounded in spectacles, solemnities, academic tournaments, spiritual duels. It is hard to suppose that mind had no share in so many literary occupations, artificial rivalries, exchanges of written thought. Here was the miracle of the teaching of the Society of Jesus—to attach man to immense labour, which could produce nothing; to amuse him by smoke, to lure him from the path of glory, to render him immovable at the very moment in which he was beguiled by all the appearances of literary and philosophical progress. If the Satanic genius of inertia had been bodily manifest on earth, this is the course it would have pursued.

Apply this method, for a moment, to any given people, among whom it may come to prevail—to Italy, to Spain, and weigh the result. Those nations, still animated by the daring of the sixteenth century, would infallibly have rejected death presented under its natural features. But how recognize death presenting itself in the shape of discussions, examination, subject of curiosity! And so, in a few years, in those cities renowned for art, poetry, policy—Florence, Ferrara, Seville, Salamanca, Venice,—new generations believe themselves to be walking in the living footsteps of their ancestors, because, in the hands of the Jesuits, they restlessly stir more, and intrigue in *vacuo*. If metaphysics be without God, it follows that art must be without inspiration, and is reduced to an exercise ‡, a play of the fancy §. They imagine themselves still to be of kindred to the poets, and to

* Inepti ad philosophiam ad casuum studia destinantur.—*Rat. St.* p. 172.

† Solemniorem disputationem.

‡ Exercitatio. V. *Imago primi sæculi*, p. 444, 460.

§ Ludus poeticus. V. *ib.*, p. 157, 444, 447, 706.

continue the lineage, if they expound Ezekiel in company with Catullus, and the *Spiritual Exercises* of Loyola side by side with Theocritus; and when they compose for spiritual meditation in the house of trial eclogues imitated word for word from Virgil's Thyrsis, from his Alexis and Corydon, *sitting alone on the sea-shore*: and these monstrous works, from whose insipidity* there is exhaled an odour as of a whitened sepulchre, but audaciously presented as a model of new art by the Society of Jesus, are precisely those that serve most to expose it.

They have believed that as art is only fiction, they could do as they pleased with her. But art has disconcerted all their calculations; and, having continued on the false principle on which they began, they have culminated to an extreme of ridiculousness and bad taste, such as all others may despair of attaining. Christianity begins her poetry by the hymn *Te Deum*; Jesuitism begins by the official eclogue of St. Ignatius, and of father Le Fèvre, *concealed under the persons of Daphnis and of Lycidas*—*S. Ignatius et primus ejus socius Petrus Faber, sub personâ Daphnidis et Lycidæ*. Now, this is not the poem of an individual; it is the representative of a class of poetry peculiar to the society, which they themselves put forward as a novelty, in their collective works. Here, I cannot refrain from remarking, that Jesuitism has evinced its ability in all other matters, and assumed all other masks; but the instant it endeavoured to appropriate poetry, that daughter of inspiration and of truth turned upon it, and, by surpassing ridicule, avenged philosophy, morality, religion, and good sense at one and the same time.

One step more, to come to our journey's end. From philosophy, let us for a moment elevate ourselves to theology; that is, to the relations of Jesuitism with the Christian world in the sixteenth century. The predominant question in the religious revolution, was a question of liberty. The Church was divided. What course will Jesuitism pursue between the Reformation and the Papacy? On this single point hangs its whole existence; and here it has far surpassed Machiavel in policy. The fundamental, throughout the whole of this century, is for each communion to pronounce for or against free-will. And for which, think you, will these men decide, who, in their inmost heart, have sworn to the bondage of the human mind? Unhesitatingly, openly, and officially, they preach liberty, and screen and array themselves under her banners. It cannot be too often repeated, that, in this struggle of the sixteenth century, they are the champions of free-will, the advocates of metaphysical independence. So readily, too, do they push this doctrine into exaggeration, that the religious orders which preserve the lively tradition of Catholicism, and especially the Dominicans, are scandalized. The Inquisition threatens them; the Popes themselves, unable to penetrate such depth of purpose, are on the point of condemning, but, whether through alarm or instinct, refrain, and allow matters to go on until the result gives the

clue to a manoeuvre, such as neither Papacy, nor Inquisition, nor the ancient orders, had ever been able to conceive.

And mark the advantage of the light Jesuitism had struck out, both upon the Reformation and the Papacy. By pushing the doctrine of free-will to its utmost consequences, it fell in with the independent instincts of the modern age; and, how forcible the appeal to the Protestants, when it invited them to inward independence, and to break the yoke of predestination and of fatalism! This was an all-powerful argument to use against the Protestants of France and Germany, who felt themselves held back by the very instinct which had impelled them to separation. Luther and Calvin had denied free-will. The disciples of Loyola, forcing their way through this breach, seized upon and recovered modern man by that very sentiment which circumstances have most developed within him. Confess that it was a master-stroke, to enslave the human mind in the name of liberty.

In all this, the religious policy of Jesuitism quadrates exactly with that of the first Roman emperors. Just as Augustus and Tiberius erected themselves into the representatives of all the ancient rights of the Republic, in order to crush them all, so did the Jesuits stand forth the representatives of the innate and metaphysical rights of the human mind, in order to reduce it to the most absolute bondage ever witnessed. Indeed, they have, as much as possible, realized the wish of the emperor, who longed for all mankind to have but one head; the difference being, that instead of striking it off, they have enslaved it.

Now, what will they do with this soul which they have just restored to its native independence—restore it to the Church? Undoubtedly. But to which; to the democratic Church of the early ages, or to the Church founded by the solemn representations of Councils, or to the Church, the Reformation of which was demanded by the whole fifteenth century? All depends, to arrive at a conclusion, on knowing the form which Jesuitism desires to predominate in the constitution of Catholicism. In the sixteenth century, there were three tendencies in Europe, and three modes of terminating the debate—to give the predominance to the Councils (which was to develop the democratic element), or to the Papacy (which was to promote autocracy), or, finally, to limit one by the other, as had been done before. With these questions before them, what was the decision of these great champions of the *innate right of human liberty**?"

Their doctrine, both in the Council of Trent and on all occasions, went to extirpate every element of liberty out of the Church; to humble to the dust the councils, those great representative assemblies of Christendom; to sap by the foundations the rights of the bishops, anciently elected by the people, and to leave nothing theologically subsistent but the pope; that is, to borrow the expressions of an illustrious French prelate of the sixteenth century, to found, not a monarchy, but, at one and the same time, a temporal and a spiritual tyranny. Do you detect, now, that long and wily course which startled even the Inquisition

* In one of these poems, of double meaning, *St. Ignatius, being struck by a stone, there flashes forth from within him, the fire of divine love*—"Percussus concipit ignem." *Ib.* p. 714. This solemn collection of characters and riddles, is entitled, *The Christian Parnassus, raised under the auspices of St. Ignatius*—*Sti Ignatii auspicio adurgens*, p. 450.

* Jure innatæ libertatis humane. Molin. Comment. p. 761.

himself ! They seize modern man in the name of liberty, and they at once plunge him, in the name of divine right, into irremediable bondage ; for, says their orator, their general, Laynez, the Church is born in bondage, and devoid of all liberty and all jurisdiction. The pope alone is everything ; the rest is only a shadow.

Thus, you see, one dash of the pen effaces that tradition of divine life which circulated throughout the body, that transmission of the right of the company of the Apostles unto the whole Christian community. Instead of that Gallican Church, which was linked unto others by one same community of sanctity, power, and liberty ; instead of that vast foundation by which the nations were linked unto God in one sublime organization ; instead of those provincial, national, general assemblies, which communicated of their own life to the head, and, reciprocally, drew from him part of their own life, what is there left in theory even in the Catholicism of the Society of Jesus ! An old man raised, whilst he trembles, on the shield of the Vatican. In him all centres, all is absorbed. If he gives way, all topples down ; if he totters, all goes wrong. After this, what becomes of that Church of France so magnificently eulogized by Bossuet ? A breath is enough to scatter it in pieces.

The end is that, despite themselves, they communicate death to that which they wish to be eternal. For, in short, you can make no one believe that there is more appearance of life when vitality is confined to one member, than when it is diffused throughout the Christian universe. For fifteen centuries Christendom was submissive to the spiritual yoke of the Church, the image of the company of the Apostles. But this yoke did not content them ; and they sought to bow down the whole world under the hand of one only master. On this point, I feel how inadequate my own words are, so borrow the language of another. They have sought (this is the accusation flung in their teeth by the bishop of Paris, in open council, at Trent) to make the spouse of Jesus Christ a prostitute at the pleasure of man. And this is what the Christian world will never forgive them. A frank, open war, might in time have been forgotten, or even maxims of false piety and stratagems of detail : but to take all at once possession of the human mind by ambuscade ; to invite, beguile it in the name of inward independence, of free will, and to precipitate it, without a moment's grace, into everlasting bondage, is an attempt which rouses the simplest to indignation. And, as its aim is not one country only, but threatens all humanity, the reprobation is not confined to one people, but extends to all. There must have been a universal crime to account for a universal chastisement.

They have attempted to take the conscience of the world by surprise. When, in 1606, they were expelled from an eminently Catholic city, from Venice, this mildest people of the earth followed them in crowds to the sea-shore, with the parting cry, "Away ! Ill betide you !" *Andate in malora !* This cry was re-echoed in the two following centuries : in Bohemia in 1618 ; at Naples and in the Low Countries in 1622 ; in India in 1623 ; in Russia in 1676 ; in Portugal in 1759 ; in Spain in 1767 ; in France in 1764 ; at Rome and throughout Christendom in 1773. In our days if men, thanks to God, more patient and enduring, say nothing,

still, beware of awaking that great echo, whilst, from one end of Europe to the other, all things are still exclaiming, as on the shores of Venice, *Andate in malora !*

These are the observations I have to offer on the fundamental maxims of the Order of Jesus. I have confined myself to an exposition of its principles ; and have shown how rigorously faithful the order has been to them in all times ; how there were two individuals in the person of its founder—a hermit and a politician ; and how this duality of piety and Machiavelism has been reproduced in all departments ; in theology by Laynez and Bellarmine ; in education by the pious Francis Borgia and the crafty Aquaviva ; in the missions by St. Francis Xavier and by the apostates of China ; and, to sum up all in one word, by the fusion of Spanish devotion with Italian policy.

We have combated Jesuitism in the spiritual order. This is not enough. Let us, still, all watch, lest it find its way into the temporal order.

Grievous is it assuredly, that it should have entered the Church ; but it would be ruin were Jesuitism to insinuate itself into morals and into the state ; for you need not be told that policy, philosophy, art, science, and letters have a Jesuitism of their own as well as religion. Everywhere it consists in one thing—the giving to appearances the signs of reality. What would a nation be, whose political condition were to present all the appearances of movement and of liberty—ingenious clockwork, assemblies, discussions, opposing doctrines and watchwords, and conflicting names of things, and yet, with all this outward "hurly-burly," it was constantly to revolve in the same circle ! Would there not be cause to fear that all these outward shows and semblances of life would gradually accustom it to do without the essential characters of things !

What would a philosophy be that should seek at any cost to exalt its own orthodoxy ! Would there not be cause for fear that, without attaining to the rigour of theology, it would lose the God within ! What would art be, if it were to substitute a jargon of words for the spontaneous emotions of the mind ! What, on such suppositions, would all these things be,—save the spirit of Jesuitism transferred into the temporal order ?

I say not that these things are consummated ; I say that they threaten the world. And what means have we of preventing them ! The means are in you, in you who are full of a young life that stops not to calculate. Preserve those feelings in their freshness ; for they are given you, not for yourselves, but to renew the world and bring it back again to youth. I know that all opinions are at the present day obnoxious to suspicion ; but freeze not up your young spring of life by too many suspicions ; and do not believe, that in this country of ours, men of heart will ever be wanting, resolved to go as far in their acts as they do in their thoughts. Must I tell you the sure means of contending with Jesuitism under all its forms ! That means does not consist in my glozing from this chair and talking sentiments which every one can talk better than myself, or in your listening to me with kindness and attention. Words are of little use amidst the stratagems of the world around us. No ; life, life is what is wanted : and, before we separate, we must here publicly undertake for each other, to regulate

our life on the maxims most opposed to those which I have described—that is, to persevere to the end, and in all things, in sincerity, truth, and liberty. In other words, we must promise to remain faithful to the genius of France, which is at once progress, elastic strength, honourable purpose; for it is by these signs that the foreigner knows you to be Frenchmen. If, on my side, I violate this oath, may each and all of you remind me I am forsworn wherever we meet!

But, I hear it objected, you speak of sincerity, yet your secret thought is that Christianity is at an end, and you say not a word of it. Declare at least, of all this medley of beliefs of our time, what sect you design to occupy its place.

I have not exaggerated my orthodoxy; nor do I wish to exaggerate the sectarian spirit attributed to me. Since the question is put, we will answer it aloud. We are of the communion of Descartes, of Turenne, of Latour d'Auvergne, of Napoleon; we are not of the religion of Louis XI.—of Catherine de Medicis, of Father Le Tellier, of M. de Maistre, or even of that of M. de Talleyrand.

So far, indeed, am I from believing Christianity at an end, that, on the contrary, I am persuaded its true spirit is only now beginning to be applied in the civil and political world. In the purely human point of view, a revelation does not terminate until it has transfused its whole soul into the living institutions of the nations; on this reasoning, the religion of Moses gives way to the new world, after it has interpenetrated the whole social fabric of the Hebrews, and moulded it in its own image. The same thing is true of Polytheism; its last hour is come, the instant it has thoroughly imbued with its spirit Greek and Roman antiquity.

This laid down, turn your eyes, not on the Pharisees of Christianity, but on the spirit of the Gospel. Who will dare assert that the Word is wholly incarnate in the world, is capable of no further transformation, no new realization, and that the source is dried up by having quenched the thirst of so many people and states? I look at the world, and see one half of it still under the Pagan law. Where are the equality, the brotherhood, the intimate union announced unto us? Perchance, in the written laws; but where will you find them in the heart and in life?

Christian humanity modelled herself, I grant, on the life of Jesus Christ. I grant, too, that I can discern, through the eighteen centuries that are past, modern humanity weeping and groaning in the naked manger of the middle age; and through numberless intellectual discords, the struggles of the Scribes and Pharisees, and the manifold poignant and national griefs of all countries—the imitation of the chalice of hyssop and vinegar held to the lips of the scourged nations. But is this all the Gospel? Is this the fellowship of brothers met together in one and the same spirit? Is this union, concord, heart-felt peace amongst all men—the aurora of the transfiguration after the night of the sepulchre? Is this Christ triumphant on the throne of the tribes? Are not all these things, too, part and parcel of the New Testament? Are we to give up all hope of unity, of the final triumph, as a vain promise? Are the sword and the cup of gall all that we are to receive of the Gospel? Who dares to say this, although there are many who think it!

To prepare men's souls for this unity, this promised oneness, is the true spirit in which the education of the modern man should be undertaken. The Society of Jesus could not utterly mistake this end in the system which they applied to all mankind; and here I award them all praise. The misfortune was, that, in order to lead the world to social unity, they began, as usual, by destroying life, by annihilating in men's souls the ties of family, country, humanity. You can scarcely find the three words mentioned in their constitutions and rules, even as regards laymen. All vibrates between the order and the papacy. Still, I acknowledge that this abstract education, whilst it shattered every social tie, conferred a certain negative independence, which serves to account for the kind of attraction it possessed. The pupils escaped from the, at that time, stern discipline of the paternal roof, from that of the state, and of the world. No fault could be found with them, so long as the Institution was content. The being that went forth finished from this education, was, strictly speaking, nor child, nor citizen, nor man; it was a Jesuit in a short coat*.

For my own part, I can understand no education to be real but that which, far from destroying the three homes of life—one's family, one's country, and all mankind, brings them all into it in their just proportion. That is real education when the child is reared, through these stages, into fulness of life; when his family, first of all, instil into him, by degrees, their cherished remembrances, those thoughts of the past which are deeply graven on the mother's heart; when these, his first ardent feelings, his youthful fires, are extended to his country, to France, which becomes to him a graver mother; when the state, taking him in its arms, makes a citizen of him, willing and capable, on the first signal, to rally round his country's banner; when, developing still more this all-living love, he ends by enfolding humanity and all past ages in a religious embrace; when, at each of these stages, he feels the hand of God rekindling his young soul. This is a road towards unity, which is not an abstraction, but each step in which is marked by reality, and responded to by the quick beating of the heart. This is not formula; it is life itself.

The greatest pleasure we could do our adversaries, would be, whilst opposing Christian Pharisaism, to throw ourselves back upon absolute scepticism: no, nor upon Jesuitism nor Voltairianism; let us seek the star of France elsewhere.

I began this course last winter, by warning my hearers against indulging in the slumbers of the mind, induced by material enjoyments. I must conclude it by a like warning. It is on you that we must calculate the future of France. Remember that your country will one day be whatever you in your hearts are at that moment. You, who are on the eve of leaving in order to betake yourselves to different careers, public or private; you who will to-morrow be orators, writers, magistrates, or greater; you whom I am now addressing for the last time, perhaps, if ever I have chanced to awaken one instinct within you, one bright vision

* ("Un Jésuite en robe courte;" that is, one of those incorporated members who do not avow their connection with the Society, but have a dispensation to mix in the world.)—TRANSLATOR.

to be realized in a future day, do not ye, I beseech you, hereafter consider these to be mere dreams, youthful illusions, to be denied the moment they can be applied, that is, the moment interest begins to interfere. Neither deny, for yourselves, your own hopes. Believe not your best thoughts, those born within you, under God's own eye, when, far removed from the unholy desires of the world, unknown, poor perhaps, you stood alone in the presence of heaven and earth. Raise, beforehand, round yourselves, a wall which corruption cannot overleap ; for the instant you quit these precincts, corruption waits to seize you as her prey.

Above all, watch ! However slightly souls may slumber in indifference, there are, as you have seen, on every hand, messengers of death, who come and go through subterranean passages. To have gained a title to rest, it is not enough to have laboured for three days, even under a July sun. You must fight still, not in the open streets, but within the depths of your souls, wherever fate shall cast you. You must fight by heart and by thought to recover the victory, and to gather its full triumph and fruition.

What remains to add ! One thing, which I deem of high importance. By the diversity of schools here at your command, you are the favourites of science and learning, as well as of fortune. All is thrown open to you, all smiles. Amongst the numerous objects offered to human curiosity, you can choose that to which your inward vocation summons you. You possess, waiting on your desire, all the delights as well as all the advantages of knowledge. But whilst you are thus giving yourselves up to enjoyment, and generously sowing in your minds germs of thought that will one day spring up and blossom, and bear fruit, how many spirits are there not, as young as you, as devoured by the thirst of knowing all things, but constrained by ill-fortune to devour themselves in secret, and often to waste away in famine of the intellect, as well as famine of the body ! One word, would, perhaps, have been enough to have revealed to them their vocation ; but that word they will never hear. How many long to come and share

with you the bread of knowledge, but cannot ! As ardent as you for good, they have enough to do to gain their daily bread ; and they are not the smaller number, but the greater.

If this be so, I tell you, that whatever station of life be yours, you are the lieges of those men, and are bound to turn to their profit, honour, advancement, and dignity, all the lights you have acquired under a happier star. I tell you that you belong to a multitude of unknown brothers, and that you have contracted here unto them a debt of honour —and this is, to defend, every where, their rights, their moral existence, to make clear for them, as far as possible, the path to knowledge and to future eminence and happiness, which has been thrown open to you without your having been obliged even to knock at the gate.

Share, then, multiply the bread of the soul. 'Tis an obligation you have contracted both with knowledge and with religion ; for it is certain that there is a religious knowledge, and an irreligious knowledge. The first, like the Gospel, scatters and diffuses abroad all it possesseth ; the second, unlike the Gospel, fears to disburse and waste its privileges, fears to make too many the sharers in rights, life, and power : it raises the proud, abases the humble, enriches the rich, impoverishes the poor. 'Tis an impious knowledge, and we will none on't.

A word, and I have done. This struggle, which, perhaps, after all, is now only begun, has been good for all ; and I thank Heaven for having allowed me to bear a share in it. It offers a salutary lesson to those who can read it. Men's minds were supposed to be divided, lukewarm ; and the moment to be propitious for daring all. The danger is only required to be made evident : the spark once struck, we are banded together as one man. The feeling on this question would be the feeling evidenced to-morrow by all France, on any question that brought the peril home to the heart. Let them not stir too much, then, what they call our ashes. Under these ashes still lives a sacred fire.

THE END.



